

The Australian

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 14, 1950

PRICE

6^d

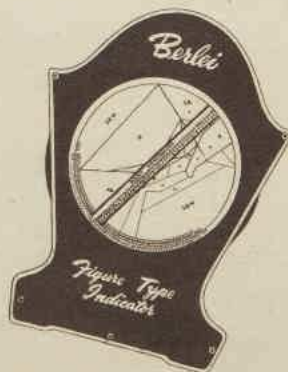
Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.



Five pointers for those in search of figure beauty



YOUTHFUL OR MATURE—sylph-like or not-so-slim—there is a Berlei just for you! Designed to fit one of the five figure-types characteristic of Australian women, every Berlei foundation harmonises the vital proportions of bust, waist and hips. That's why your personally fitted Berlei will mould you, flatter you, coax your figure into its loveliest lines; and withal, give you that gentle support so necessary for poise and comfort. At better stores, everywhere.



The five basic Australian figure-types were classified by Berlei after a special research, conducted in conjunction with the University of Sydney, comprising a scientific measurement survey of many thousands of women. This unique Berlei Figure-Type-Indicator in the hands of a Berlei-trained corsetiere identifies your correct figure-type and helps you choose a foundation to fit your shape as well as your size, so vital to perfect fit.

Very personally yours, **Berlei** True-to-Type Foundations



THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY

While the Duchess ignored the other carriage, Pilar exchanged glances with the handsome coachman.

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

ONE of the many inconveniences of real life is that it seldom gives you a complete story. Some incident has excited your interest, the people who are concerned in it are in the devil's own muddle, and you wonder what on earth will happen next, or when it will happen.

Well, generally nothing happens. The inevitable catastrophe you foresaw wasn't inevitable after all, and high tragedy, without any regard to artistic decency, dwindles into drawing-room comedy.

Now, growing old has many disadvantages, but it has this compensation (among, let us admit, not a few others), that sometimes it gives you the opportunity of seeing the outcome of certain events you had witnessed long ago. You had given up the hope of ever knowing what was the end of the story and then, when you least expected it, it is handed to you on a platter.

These reflections occurred to me when, having escorted the Marquesa de San Esteban to her car, I went back into the

hotel and sat down again in the lounge. I ordered a cocktail, lit a cigarette, and composed myself to order my recollections.

The hotel was new and splendid; it was like every other first-class hotel in Europe, and I had been regretting that for the sake of its modern plumbing I had deserted the old-fashioned, picturesque Hotel de Madrid, to which I generally went when I stayed in Seville.

It was true that from my hotel I had a view of the noble river, the Guadalquivir, but that did not make up for the thes dancants that filled the bar-lounge two or three days a week with a fashionable crowd whose exuberant conversation almost drowned the strident din of a jazz orchestra.

I had been out all the afternoon, and, coming in, found myself in the midst of a seething mob. I went back to the desk and asked for my key so that I might go straight up to

my room. But the porter, handing it to me, said that a lady had been asking for me.

"For me?"

"She wants to see you very much. It's the Marquesa de San Esteban."

I knew of no one of that name.

"It must be some mistake."

As I said the words, looking rather vaguely around, a lady came up to me with outstretched hands and a bright smile on her lips. To the best of my knowledge I had never seen her before in my life. She seized my hands, both of them, and shook them very warmly. She spoke in fluent French.

"How very nice to see you again after all these years. I saw by the paper that you were staying here and I said to myself: I must look him up. How many years is it since we danced together? I haven't think. Do you still dance? I do. And I'm a grandmother. I'm fat, of course. I don't care, and it keeps me from getting fatter."

Please turn to page 4

LUX

So safe!

**Its tiny diamonds
give such fast gentle suds
... keep colours lovely
3 times
as long!**



THIS season you're going gay — but will Summer's fresh young colours keep their looks? Tests prove they will if you launder them with Lux! Those shimmering little diamonds of Lux burst so quickly into handfuls of safe gentle suds... keep colours gay, enchanting... hands silky-smooth. Strong soaps and harsh washing methods make precious coloureds old before their time. Safe, gentle Lux keeps them lovely 3 times as long.



**Don't risk
harsh soaps!**
Keep your hands soft
and petal-smooth.
Lux care is gentler.



U.328.WW142c

The Romantic Young Lady

Continued from page 3

It took my breath away to listen to the woman, she talked with such a rush. She was stout and more than middle-aged, very much made up, with dark red hair, obviously dyed, cut short; and she was dressed in the height of Parisian fashion, which never suits Spanish women very well. But she had a gay, fruity laugh that made you feel you wanted to laugh, too.

It was quite obvious that she thoroughly enjoyed life. She was a fine figure of a woman, and I could well believe that in youth she had been beautiful. But I could not place her.

"Come and drink a glass of champagne with me, and we will talk of old times. Or will you have a cocktail? Our dear old Seville has changed, you see. 'Thes dansants' and cocktails. It's just like Paris and London now. We've caught up. We're civilised people."

She led me to a table near the space where there was dancing, and we sat down. I could not go on pretending I was at ease; I thought I should only get into a fearful mess.

"It's terribly stupid of me, I'm afraid," I said, "but I don't seem to be able to remember ever having known anyone of your name in the old days in Seville."

"San Esteban?" she interrupted before I could go on. "Naturally. My husband came from Salamanca. He was in the diplomatic service. I'm a widow. You knew me as Pilar Carreon. Of course, having my hair red changes me a little but otherwise I don't think I've altered much."

"Not at all," I said, quickly. "It was only the name that bothered me."

Of course, now I remembered her, but I was concerned at the moment only with the effort to conceal from her the mingled consternation and amusement that filled me as I realised that the Pilar Carreon I had danced with at the Countess de Marbella's parties and at the Fair had turned into this stout, flaunting dowager. I could not get over it.

But I had to watch my step. I wondered if she knew how well I recollected the story that had shaken Seville to its foundations, and I was glad, when after she had finally hidden me an effusive farewell, I was able to recall it at ease.

In those days, forty years ago, Seville had not become a prosperous commercial city. It had quiet, white streets, paved with cobbles, with a multitude of churches, on the belfries of which storks built their nests. Bull fighters, students, and loungers sauntered in the Siervas all day long. Life was easy.

This, of course, was before the time of motor cars, and the Sevillian would live in penury, practising every possible economy, in order to have a carriage. For this luxury he was willing to sacrifice the necessities of life. Everyone who had any claim to gentility drove up and down the Delicias, the park-like gardens by the Guadalquivir, every afternoon, from five till seven.

You saw carriages of all sorts, from fashionable London victorias to old broken-down shays that seemed as though they would fall to pieces, magnificent horses and wretched hacks whose tragic end in the bull-ring was near at hand.

But there was one equipage that could not fail to attract the stranger's attention.

It was a victoria, very smart and new, drawn by two beautiful mules; and the coachman and the footman wore the national costume of Andalusia in pale grey. It was the most splendid turn-out Seville had ever known, and it belonged to the Countess de Marbella.

She was a Frenchwoman who had married a Spaniard, who had enthusiastically adopted the manners and customs of her husband's country, but with a Parisian elegance that gave them a peculiar distinction.

The rest of the carriages went at a snail's pace so that their occupants could see and be seen, but the countess, behind her mules, dashed up between the two crawling lines at a fast trot, went to the end of the Delicias and back twice, and then drove away. The proceeding savoured somewhat of royalty.

When you looked at her, gracefully seated in that swift victoria, her head handsomely poised, her hair of too brilliant a gold to be natural, you did not wonder that her French vivacity and determination had given her the position she held. She made the fashion. Her decrees were law.

But the countess had too many adorers not to have as many enemies, and the most determined of these was the widowed Duchess de Dos Palos, whose birth and social consequence made her claim as a right the first place in Society which the Frenchwoman had won by grace, wit, and character.

Now the duchess had an only daughter. This was Dona Pilar. She was twenty when I first knew

"It is wonderful how much news there is when people write every other day; if they wait for a month, there is nothing that seems worth telling."

—O. Douglas, "Penny Plain."

her, and she was beautiful. She had magnificent eyes and a skin that, however hard you tried to find a less hackneyed way to describe it, you could only call peach-like.

She was very slim, rather tall for a Spanish girl, with a red mouth and dazzlingly white teeth. She wore her abundant, shining black hair dressed very elaborately in the Spanish style of the period. She was infinitely alluring.

The fire in her black eyes, the warmth of her smile, the seductiveness of her movements suggested so much passion that it really wasn't quite fair. She belonged to the generation which was straining to break the old conventions that had kept the Spanish girl of good family hidden away till it was time for her to be married.

I often played tennis with her and I used to dance with her at the Countess de Marbella's parties. The duchess considered the Frenchwoman's parties, with champagne and a sit-down supper, ostentatious, and when she opened her own great house to Society, which was only twice a year, it was to give them lemonade and biscuits.

But she bred fighting bulls, as her husband had done, and on the occasions when the young bulls were tried out she gave picnic luncheons to which her friends were asked, very gay and informal, but with a sort of feudal state which fascinated my romantic imagination.

Once, when the duchess' bulls were to fight at a corrida in Seville, I rode in with them at night as one of the men escorting Dona Pilar, dressed in a costume that reminded one of a picture by Goya, who headed the cavalcade.

It was a charming experience to ride through the night, on those prancing Andalusian horses, with the six bulls, surrounded by oxen, thundering along behind.

A good many men, rich or noble, or sometimes both, had asked Dona

Pilar's hand in marriage, but, notwithstanding her mother's remonstrances, she had refused them.

The duchess had been married at fifteen, and it seemed to her really indecent that her daughter at twenty should still be single.

The duchess asked her what she was waiting for; it was absurd to be too difficult. It was her duty to marry. But Pilar was stubborn. She found reasons to reject every one of her suitors.

Then the truth came out.

During the daily drives in the Delicias which the duchess, accompanied by her daughter, took in a great, old-fashioned landau, they passed the countess as she was twice swiftly driven up and down the promenade.

The ladies were on such bad terms that they pretended not to see each other, but Pilar could not keep her eyes off that smart carriage and the two beautiful grey mules and, not wishing to catch the countess' somewhat ironic glance, her own fell on the coachman who drove her.

He was the handsomest man in Seville, and in his beautiful uniform he was a sight to see. Of course, no one knew exactly what happened, but apparently the more Pilar looked at the coachman the more she liked the look of him, and somehow or other, for all this part of the story remained a mystery, the pair met.

In Spain the classes are strangely mingled, and the butler may have in his veins much nobler blood than the master. Pilar learnt, not I think without satisfaction, that the coachman belonged to the ancient family of Leon, than which there is none in Andalusia more distinguished; and really, so far as birth went, there was little to choose between them.

Only her life had been passed in a ducal mansion, while fate had forced him to earn his living on the box of a victoria.

Neither could regret this, since only in that exalted place could he have attracted the attention of the most difficult young woman in Seville. They fell madly in love with each other.

It so happened, that just then a young man called the Marques de San Esteban, whom they had met at San Sebastian the summer before, wrote to the duchess and asked for Pilar's hand in marriage. He was extremely eligible, and the two families had formed alliances from time to time ever since the reign of Philip II.

The duchess was determined not to stand any more nonsense, and when she told Pilar of the proposal added that she had shilly-shalied long enough. She must either marry him or she should go into a convent.

"I'm not going to do either the one or the other," said Pilar.

"What are you going to do then? I have given you a home long enough."

"I'm going to marry Jose Leon."

"Who is he?"

Pilar hesitated for a moment and it may be, it is indeed to be hoped, that she blushed a little.

"He's the countess' coachman."

"What countess?"

"The Countess de Marbella."

I remembered the duchess well and I am sure that when roused she stuck at little. She raged, she implored, she cried, she argued. There was a terrific scene.

People said that she slapped her daughter and pulled her hair, but I have an impression that Pilar in such a pass was capable of hitting back. She repeated that she loved Jose Leon and he loved her. She was determined to marry him.

The duchess called a family council. The matter was put before them and it was decided that, to save them all from disgrace, Pilar should be taken away to the country and kept there till she recovered from her infatuation.

Please turn to page 22

CROOKED HOUSE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

WHEN wealthy Greek ARISTIDE LEONIDES dies by poisoning, suspicion falls on various members of his household, chiefly his young second wife, Brenda.

Other members of the household are ROGER LEONIDES, Aristide's eldest son, and his wife, CLEMENCY; PHILIP, another son, his actress wife, MAGDA, and their children, SOPHIA, EUSTACE, and JOSEPHINE; LAURENCE BROWN, tutor to Eustace and Josephine; and an elderly aunt, EDITH de HAYLAND.

CHARLES HAYWARD, in love with Sophia, comes to the house by arrangement with his father, a Scotland Yard Commissioner, CHIEF-INSPECTOR TAVERNER, and Sophia herself.

Developments include a mysterious discovery that Aristide's will was unsigned, while Charles learns from Josephine that Roger Leonides had a stormy interview with his father just before his death concerning the funds of Associated Catering, Aristide's big catering firm of which Roger was manager.

Charles continues his story:

I WAS summoned to Scotland Yard on the following day and found Chief-Inspector Taverner and my father together. Taverner was looking pleased with himself and slightly excited.

"Associated Catering is on the rocks," said my father.

"Due to crash at any minute," said Taverner.

"I saw there had been a sharp fall in the shares last night," I said, "but they seem to have recovered this morning."

"We've had to go about it very cautiously," said Taverner. "No direct inquiries. Nothing to cause a panic—or to put the wind up our absconding gentleman. But we've got certain private sources of information, and the information there is fairly definite. Associated Catering is on the verge of a crash. It can't possibly meet its commitments. In fact, it seems to have been grossly mismanaged for years."

"By Roger Leonides?"

"Yes. He's had control of it, you know."

"And he's helped himself to money—"

"No," said Taverner. "We don't think he has. To put it bluntly, he may be a murderer, but we don't think he's a swindler. Quite frankly, he's just been—a fool. He doesn't seem to have had any kind of judgment. He's launched out where he ought to have held in—he's hesitated and retreated where he ought to have launched out."

The Chief-Inspector shrugged ruefully. "He's delegated power to the last sort of people he should. He's a trustful sort of chap, and he's trusted the wrong people. At every time, and on every occasion, he's done the wrong thing."

"There are people like that," said my father. "And they're not really stupid, either. They're bad judges of men, that's all. And they're enthusiastic at the wrong time."

"A man like that oughtn't to be in business at all," said Taverner.

"He probably wouldn't be," said my father, "except for the accident of being Aristide Leonides' son."

"That show was absolutely booming when the old man handed it over

to him. It ought to have been a gold mine! You'd think he could have just sat back and let the show run itself."

"No," my father shook his head. "No show runs itself. There are always decisions to be made—a man sacked here—a man appointed there—small questions of policy. And with Roger Leonides the answer seems to have been always wrong."

"That's right," said Taverner. "He's a loyal sort of chap, for one thing. He kept on the most frightful duds, just because he had an affection for them—or because they'd been there a long time. And then he sometimes had wild, impractical ideas and insisted on trying them out in spite of the enormous outlay involved."

"But nothing criminal?" my father queried.

"No, nothing criminal."

"Then why murder?" I asked.

"He may have been a fool and not a knave," said Taverner. "But the result was the same—or nearly the same. The only thing that could save Associated Catering from the smash was a really colossal sum of money by next (he consulted a notebook) by next Wednesday at the latest."

"Such a sum as he would inherit—or thought he would have inherited—under his father's will?"

"Exactly."

"But he wouldn't be able to have got that sum in cash."

"No," said Taverner, "but he'd have got credit. It's the same thing."

The Old Man nodded. "Wouldn't it have been simpler to go to old Leonides and ask for help?" he suggested.

"I think he did," said Taverner. "I think that's what the kid overheard. The old boy refused point blank, I should imagine, to throw good money after bad. He would, you know."

I thought that Taverner was right there. Aristide Leonides had refused the backing for Magda's play—he had said that it would not be a box-office success. Events had proved him correct.

He was a generous man to his family, but he was not a man to waste money in unprofitable enterprises. And Associated Catering ran to thousands, or probably hundreds of thousands. He had refused point blank, and the only way for Roger to avoid financial ruin was for his father to die.

Yes, there was a motive there, all right.

My father looked at his watch. "I've asked him to come here," he said. "He'll be here any minute now."

"Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly," I murmured.

Taverner looked at me in a shocked way.

"We shall give him all the proper cautions," he said severely.

The stage was set, the shorthand-writer established. Presently the buzzer sounded, and a few minutes later Roger Leonides entered the room.

Please turn to page 28

"Josephine," I said quietly, "didn't you tell me that you were almost sure who the murderer was?"



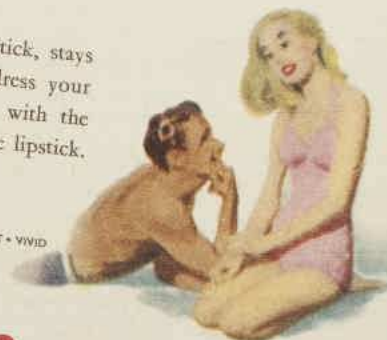
with
Lalghish



Be *lip-lovely* as you bask and bathe

On the beach as in the ballroom Michel, the firmer lipstick, stays on longer . . . for hours and hours. So confidently dress your lips for glamour under the sun and in the surf . . . with the brilliantly fashionable colours of Michel . . . your favourite lipstick.

AMAPOLA • BLONDE • CHERRY • CYCLAMEN • MARIPOSA • PINK SPICE • RASPBERRY • SCARLET • VIVID



Michel

'STAYS ON LONGER'

Transformation SCENE

LOOKING at herself, as she posed elegantly in front of the cloak-room mirror, Sylvia admitted that the fur coat completely changed her appearance.

There had been a party the night before. Her brother-in-law's leave was up, and he and her sister were returning to Ceylon. In the bedroom, sentimentally, Cecily hugged Sylvia in farewell, then impulsively gave her the coat.

"Take it," she urged. "I shan't need it out there. It's time you had something decent to cover those devastating clothes." Her little nose wrinkled fastidiously. "They've no style, no shape, no sex appeal at all."

Sylvia smiled back at her placidly—but she accepted the present. She didn't agree that she dressed badly. Cecily was no judge. She was wildly extravagant over clothes, whereas Sylvia chose plain, sensible garments which she knew would be useful, buying them to last and renewing them infrequently.

Of course, she hadn't Cecily's obligation to look smart, married to a clever young husband, rising in the world. Sylvia thought complacently.

The gift of the coat coincided with the departure of Sylvia's boss to America for a month. She was secretary to a well-known firm of solicitors. Her boss was a bachelor (for which she was very thankful), whom she courted and cared for—and spoiled more consistently than if she were his wife, said Cecily impatiently.

It was Saturday morning, and, wearing the fur coat, Sylvia came down to the office to clear away the traces of his departure.

She put a few files in order, and found it was barely eleven o'clock. She was meeting Simon Heath, one of the junior partners in the firm, for lunch. This was a well-established Saturday habit. She and Simon understood each other perfectly. Their minds worked identically; they liked Continental films and the highbrow theatre.

Cecily, alarmed by her sister's unmarried state, had pounced on Simon immediately, asking him to some bright little parties; but she was soon obliged to give them both up as unpromising material. Sylvia definitely refused to consider Simon seriously—or any other man.

She was in love with her job, and Simon simply provided masculine interest, which Sylvia was broad-minded enough to realise was essential to every girl.

Now she wondered how she was going to fill in the time before she met him. This was unlike her. She usually had about a thousand things to do. She studied herself aimlessly in the mirror.

The coat was well-cut, and she suddenly perceived that it did something to her figure—gave her a small fashionable waist. She turned her head awkwardly. The collar didn't fit properly—her bun got in the way. Usually she brushed her hair off her broad, intelligent forehead, and twisted it at the nape of her neck—this was the quickest and nearest

arrangement. Now she surprisingly wished for perfection.

Suppose she had her hair cut off? This was a most revolutionary reflection, and it was accompanied by a small smile which altered the usual grave set of her features. For an instant she caught a fleeting likeness to the beautiful Cecily.

Her normal indifference to her appearance departed. Without considering the matter further, she decided to go to the hairdresser's. She snatched up her old felt hat, locked the office, and took a taxi to the West End.

An hour later Sylvia was staring at herself incredulously. Her hair was short and curly—for a natural wave, long repressed, had been given new life. Nor was this all. An assistant had come along with a make-up box, and now her cheeks were faintly pink, and her lips gleaming with a new, surprising depth.

"It does make a difference," said the assistant delightedly.

Sylvia was past speech. She looked more like Cecily than ever. She was delighted, but faintly embarrassed. She must have had a brainstorm. How was she going to explain this change? She held out her hand for her hat.

"Oh, you can't wear this," the girl said, horrified. "You'll have to get another."

Sylvia seized it firmly. There were limits to all things. But when she put it on her short hair, it fell over her ears.

"Why don't you go to Deirdre's?" the girl asked. "She has lovely models. And it's only just round the corner."

Installed in front of a mirror at Deirdre's, Sylvia's last doubts vanished. She was truly astonished to find what a hat could do for a girl. She felt she could pass profitably several hours here, but at the moment she was pressed for time. She hastily chose a ruby felt with a long quill at the side. The assistant put it on at the correct angle and fluffed out her hair.

Sylvia paid quickly and went out to pick up a taxi. She was nearly a quarter of an hour late for her appointment; such a thing had never happened to her before. But instead of being worried, she rather enjoyed the sensation. She realised that she was completely changed—not only her appearance, but her outlook on life. The future was full of the most exciting possibilities.

The tea-room where she and Simon took their meals—conveniently close to the office—was an anti-climax. She saw him at their usual table, his head bent over a book. He wasn't even aware that she was late, and this annoyed her.

As she crossed the room she looked at him with entirely new eyes. He was a tall, loose-limbed young man in an unsmart blue suit. He needed a hair cut. He was eminently respectable but stodgy, she decided.

"Hallo," she said.

Simon glanced up and stared at her blankly, without a sign of recognition. Then a slow grin spread over his face, making it very pleasant. She gave him a swift glance, taking him all in. He could be quite handsome, she thought quickly, if something were done to pull his features together. He had a good brow and nose and chin, but he lacked personality.

Sylvia longed to transform him, too, but knew this would meet with strong opposition, for Simon was as pleased with himself as ever she had been. Still he said nothing.

"Yes, it's me," she exclaimed as she sat down.

"What on earth have you done to yourself?" Simon asked bluntly.

"Cecily gave me this coat—I had to live up to it," she answered, a little breathless.

"Good heavens," he said, clearly disturbed. "What is it? Goat or gorilla?"

"The best quality heaver. You might say I look nice."

"I'd hoped to meet some nice girl when I came on leave, but I never expected such luck as this," Roger said.

"You do, you do," he said, but his tone lacked conviction, or had something about it she couldn't fathom. He continued to stare at her, in surprise allied with what she considered dismay.

She began to feel very cross with Mr. Simon Heath.

He ordered their usual meal of tomatoes on toast.

"I'd like something more substantial to-day," Sylvia said petulantly. She asked the waitress for the menu and studied it intently. "I'll have the mince," she said presently.

"You've always pretended you don't like it," Simon objected.

She smiled at him. It was a lovely smile, soft and tantalising, and came to her effortlessly. "All right," he said hastily. "Make it two mince. That suits me. And two coffees with milk."

"No milk for me," she threw in gently.

He gave her a searching look, but didn't argue.

Their lunch was a failure. Simon made no real effort to play up to her new personality. Occasionally she thought she detected a secretive smile on his face—how dare he laugh at her—then she decided she must be mistaken. She was extremely disappointed in her reception.

They were going to the National Portrait Gallery. Sylvia would have preferred something more exciting, but she was too inexperienced to suggest an alternative programme. Then, amazed at herself, she realised she was being thoroughly feminine and capricious, things she abominated. She changed her manner at once, and soon they returned to their usual comfortable relationship.

There were no mirrors in the gallery and she forgot how different she looked. They exchanged intelligent and amusing comments about the pictures, enjoying themselves immensely.

"Now I must fly," Simon said, as

soon as they were back on the pavement.

"Fly where?" Sylvia asked quickly, not wishing to lose him. "Aren't we going to spend the evening together? I thought we might see the new French film."

"I'm frightfully sorry," he said, "but I can't to-night. I have to meet my brother-in-law—at least, I suppose you'll call him my brother-in-law. My sister's husband's brother."

"Surely your acute legal mind can fathom that relationship," Sylvia said sharply.

"He's just home on leave," Simon explained, without trying.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't meet him, too?" Sylvia asked.

Simon looked at her doubtfully. "None at all, except that he isn't your type. One of those wild naval men. He's been cooped up in an aircraft-carrier in the Atlantic for months. My sister recommended a music hall. I've an appointment with him in a bar. I must buzz off or I shall be late."

"If you can bear my company, I'd be delighted to go to a music hall," she said.

"Of course," Simon mumbled, "but don't blame me afterwards, if you're bored."

As soon as Sylvia saw Roger Weston, she liked him. He had an eye for a pretty girl, and immediately supplied unlimited quantities of admiration. This did wonders for her ego. Beside him, Simon faded into insignificance.

Roger was the sort of man who had secretly terrified her in the past. She had always loathed airy persiflage, but this evening it came to her naturally. She laughed at all the turns in the music hall, even those which Simon regarded distastefully. He looked at her once or twice commiseratingly, but Sylvia ignored him. He was almost silent through dinner, although once again she noticed a peculiar expression on his face.

Please turn to page 33



By POPPY RICHARD

NEW

Refined Lifebuoy with refreshing new fragrance!



Now, considerate people
use Lifebuoy

Everybody's talking about today's refined Lifebuoy . . . that gives such pleasant protection. Smoother! Better looking! And with a tangy refreshing new fragrance! It's the modern way to all-over freshness that lasts all day. Lifebuoy is the soap of considerate people! With its special purifying ingredient it stops "B.O." before it starts.

*Stops "B.O."
before it starts*



W. 281. W.W.F.P.C.



The Brazen Widow

By ELIZABETH DUNN

CHRISTOPHER MAYNE shuddered as they swung out to the left to pass a homing truck. He reflected that he might, in time, get used to calling braces suspenders and suspenders garters. He might even cease to be disturbed by American luxury, but he very much doubted whether he would ever get used to American motor-cars.

They all drove on the wrong side and at top speed, even along these winding Connecticut roads.

"Who's going to be there this evening?" Lewis asked. Sybil shrugged one shoulder under her fur stole. "Oh, you know... everyone. They've been rather sweet. They all want to meet Christopher."

Christopher glanced sideways. Like two heads on a coin, the fair, high-nosed, fragile profile of his sister was superimposed upon the darker head of her husband. Christopher felt a sudden surge of warmth toward his American brother-in-law. One liked Lewis Gardiner, a quiet, brownish man with kind, intelligent, candid, dark eyes.

"Not Maggie, I suppose?" Lewis asked hopefully. "Darling, no!" Sybil turned to her brother. "He means Maggie Moon. Marvellous old actress who runs our summer stock company. But she's invisible; quite legendary, really. I've only seen her once myself. Victoria sees her," she added.

Christopher was about to ask who Victoria was, when Lewis turned into a sweep of driveway. A white house glimmered through green, and Christopher stiffened. It was always at this moment that one first felt the relentless, paralysing tentacles of shyness close about one's mind.

In a brick-walled garden vast numbers of people were talking and laughing and drinking. Christopher felt very tall, very thin, and very, very British.

And then he saw Victoria. He didn't know, of course, that it was Victoria. She was standing near an arch in the wall, talking to someone. Her hair was short and black and gently curly. She wore a shimmering pale yellow dress embroidered in gold.

But she had something else, something that Christopher saw and felt and longed to reach out to, and yet was unable to name.

Through the rattle of introductions around him he wondered who Victoria was. Conversation was not too difficult; in five days he had learned precisely what it would be: When did you arrive? How long will you be here? Where are you staying? Is this your first visit? ... Surprise, incredulity, and, for some obscure reason, delight at his affirmative answer.

At that moment there was a general shifting in the garden, which caused him—by quiet, good management—to be found sitting next to the dark girl in the shimmering dress.

She smiled at him. "How do you do. I think you must be Sybil's brother, aren't you? I'm Victoria Redmond."

"How do you do?" said Christopher decorously.

She said, "I'm not going to ask you when you got here, nor how long you're going to stay, nor whether you like—Is something the matter?"

"Er—no," said Christopher, feeling feverish.

"Goodness. Is it my face?" she pursued anxiously.

"Er—yes," said Christopher.

"Oh, dear! What's wrong with it?"

He was suddenly sure that he could actually say what he was about to say.

"I was just thinking how beautiful you are. Your eyes," he said interestedly, "are exactly the color of stewed prunes." She gave a little squawk of delight and a sudden, delicious giggle.

Christopher smiled at her. "And that's a stunning sari you're wearing," he said.

Her eyes softened. "I'm glad you like it. Bob gave it to me. My husband." She added casually, "He chose it himself. Clever of him, wasn't it?"

Christopher experienced a sudden and most disconcerting group of sensations. He felt, in fact, as he had in fourth-form Rugger, when he had been kicked simultaneously in the stomach and on the kneecap, and had wanted most awfully to howl.

An astonishingly handsome young man suddenly materialised beside them, and Victoria said, "Oh, Jon! How nice to see you!"

Christopher got up with dignity, walked across the garden and paused on the edge of a group of which his sister Sybil was the centre. She was talking gaily. Christopher grew very still. He was at first bewildered, then shocked, and finally appalled.

For Sybil was endowing their childhood with things they had never dreamed of: "... My dear, if you could have seen our old car—it must have been thirty feet long! All it lacked was a porch and roses over the door." (Rich old Aunt Hilda's car? The Maynes had travelled by train.)

"But the funniest thing about those dear dead days were the people one employed. You'd never believe it, but actually there was a little man who used to come on Saturdays to wind the clocks!"

Of course. Allbright, who actually had wound clocks... but not for the Herbert Maynes at 39 Eton Crescent. For Aunt Hilda in Palace Green.

"And then," Sybil was saying gaily, "there was dear old Mr. Lucey, who ironed the billiard table every Tuesday—and sometimes papa's silk hats as well."

(Aunt Hilda's billiard table, Uncle Ian's silk hats.) For some reason, her audience loved old Mr. Lucey. Sybil sat, looking cool, aristocratic, and mildly amused. She did not see her brother.

Christopher, who intensely disliked fibs of any sort for any reason, wandered down the garden. Someone gave him a cocktail, and with it revelation came to him: Sybil had told all those thumping lies for Lewis' sake. Everyone knew that Americans worshipped glamor. Sybil felt, naturally, that she owed it to Lewis' money and Lewis' background to be as glamorous as she looked.

This mental exercise afforded Christopher such relief that he leaned against the brick wall and relaxed slightly.

Behind him, he heard two voices. "Isn't Sybil marvellous?" said one.

And the other voice—Victoria Redmond's—answered slowly, "Yes, she's lovely, but... to me she seems very... hard to know."

"Oh, terribly," agreed the first voice, "Well, naturally... I mean, all that British reserve. But she isn't really cold, you know. She's just—well, she's shy."

Please turn to page 33

Victoria and Mrs. Bedford turned in surprise as they heard Christopher say, "Get your work committee up here quickly."

WYNNE W. DAVIES

Which Twin has the Toni

-and which has
the expensive
perm?

(see answer below)



Toni gives your hair a natural looking perm...

Toni coaxes your hair into soft, smooth waves and deep curls that look natural from the first day. A Toni is as lovely and lasts as long as the most expensive salon perm — yet you can do it with ease and comfort at home. More than 25 million American women have proved that Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a perm — even grey, dyed or baby-fine hair. Give yourself a Toni, today.

Simple directions in every Toni Kit show you how to give yourself a perfect Toni. It's easy as rolling your hair on curlers.

Toni saves time! Average waving time is only 1½ hours. While your wave is "taking" you are free to do as you please.

Your second Toni costs only 10/- because the plastic curlers can be used again and again. All you need is the Toni Refill.

Which Twin has the Toni? Pictured above are Moyna and Norma Spike, of Maroubra, N.S.W. Moyna, the twin on the left, has the Toni! No one can tell the difference between her Toni and Norma's expensive salon perm.

Expert Advice!

If you have any waving or coiffure problems, write to Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence St., Sydney.



De Luxe Kit
19/6
Refill Kit
10/-

Toni

HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

A product of the Toni Division of Gillette



● New York designer Mary Goodfellow created this perfect bonnet-type straw, making it dramatic with red poppies on the pine-green ground.



● A white trellis covered with sweet-peas inspired American designer Laddie Northbridge with the idea for this exquisite, very-special-occasion picture hat.

Luscious styles



● Another Mary Goodfellow creation is the theatre or restaurant helmet, above, made of hand-sewn, delicate, pink silk rose petals. The matching fan is for ultra-smart occasions only, adding a lovely glamorous touch.

● Walter Florell's model, at left, has all the romance any woman could want with its natural leghorn background piled with hand-tinted lilac and mauve taffeta ribbon bunched on the flat crown and wide brim.



GOR-RAY skirts one better!

Registered

Obtainable at all leading stores
Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street London W1 England

Backache better?



Yes, I'm a changed woman!

Yes! Her backache's better because her kidneys are better. And her kidneys are better because she has taken a medicine specially made to restore tired kidneys to healthy activity—De Witt's Pills.

It is when the kidneys become slack and sluggish that trouble follows. Impurities that should have been banished from the body are allowed to remain. These circulate and settle in the system to set up all sorts of distressing symptoms. So get those kidneys right again—and use the right medicine for the purpose.

The world-famous De Witt's Pills are made specially to restore weak and sluggish kidneys to their full vigour. Swiftly they work—cleansing, stimulating and retoning these vital organs until, in a surprisingly short space of time, new health and vigour return. Our files are full of glowing testimony to the powers of this tried and trusted family medicine.

Start a course of De Witt's Pills for your trouble. For economy's sake, buy the 5/9 size which contains two and a half times the quantity of the 3/- size.

DE WITT'S PILLS
For Kidney and Bladder Troubles



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, one of the best preserved of Parramatta's historic old houses, now the Junior House of The King's School. Parramatta was the second settlement in New South Wales.



MRS. HEATHER BENNETT, matron of Junior House, The King's School, is reminded of old colonial days as she stands on the beautiful stairway. Building operations started in year of Waterloo.

HISTORICAL and architectural authorities are seeking to preserve old buildings at Parramatta, N.S.W., founded 161 years ago, the second settlement to be established in Australia.

Some of the old homes are built in the style of simple elegance which characterised the Georgian period, and others were designed by the famous convict architect, Francis Greenway.

Industrial "progress" led to the demolition of some of the old houses and inns during the 19th century and earlier years of this century.

Recognised now as links with the early history of Australia, attempts are being made to preserve the remaining buildings.

Trim suburban homes crowd close to "Elizabeth Farm" and "Experiment Cottage," both built in the 1790's.

Week-end picnickers in Parramatta Park laze in the sun, so accustomed to the sight of Old Government House (now The King's School Junior House) that they do not even spare it a glance.

In England and America visitors flock to visit the homes where great men of the past lived.

Parramatta has its share of great men and famous buildings.

"Elizabeth Farm," 156 years old, is the oldest home in Australia.

Built by John Macarthur, famed for his Merino sheep-breeding, it was named after his wife, Elizabeth.

Nearby is the first schoolhouse in



TWIN TOWERS of St. John's Church, Parramatta, are landmark in the district. The original church was opened in 1803, and many alterations and additions have since been made to the famous old building.





WISTARIA VINE shades the verandah of Experiment Cottage, Harris Park. First wheat grown in Australia was sown on land nearby. Cottage retains pleasing outline, though property shows ravages of time. French windows and the big verandah still defy the heat of summer days as they always did.

Parramatta's fine old homes...

Australia, where the Macarthur children were taught by tutor Huon de Kerillion, and close by is the tutor's home, "Firholme."

When the firm of Kolyons builds there shortly, the houses will be preserved and the factory built alongside.

From the outside the rectangular schoolroom looks ordinary enough.

Inside the two huge fireplaces must have kept the place warm on frosty mornings, though it has a stone floor.

Tutor Huon de Kerillion, a French nobleman, came to Australia as a member of the New South Wales Corps.

Cedar, easily obtainable, was used for doors, skirting-boards, and panelling of his home.

"Elizabeth Farm," now a private home, was, in the old days, the show place of the district. Until 1883 the estate remained intact, but it is now hemmed in by other houses in the suburb of Granville.

John Macarthur and his wife, Elizabeth, started their farming there with a "horse, two mares, two cows, 130 goats, and 100 hogs."

Soon he was growing vegetables, and, "with the assistance of one man and half-a-dozen greyhounds," his table was "constantly supplied with wild ducks and kangaroos."

The present owners of "Elizabeth Farm" are keenly interested in the history of their home. They are used to having curious visitors snooping around the garden and commenting on the old trees that grow there and the appearance of the house.

It is a cross they have to bear, and one they slightly resent, clinging hard to their privacy. But it is hard to have a private life when they live in one of the most historic homes of this country.

Not so very far away is "Experi-

ment Cottage," in the suburb of Harris Park.

Four times a week tourist buses stop outside the cottage and visitors from other States step on to the footpath and gaze at the house. They are told that on this ground the first wheat in Australia was grown by ex-convict James Ruse. Later, Ruse sold the land to Surgeon John Harris.

What the tourists see from the pavement is: A house like "Firholme," with a long verandah and steep roof; cracked walls where the paint is peeling away; a dangerously sagging roof on one side of the house.

By HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

They also see a rickety fence supported by a few palings, looking like an old comb with most of the teeth missing.

It was a pleasant contrast to go next to "Brislington," where Dr. Keith Brown and his wife lived. For 90 years three generations of Browns, all doctors, have owned "Brislington," which was built in 1820 by a man named John Hodges.

Soon after we visited "Brislington," it was taken over by the Parramatta Hospital and passed out of the possession of Dr. Brown's family.

John Hodges had been deported for life to Australia, and his adventures are stirring. He escaped to Timor, was captured and brought back, was afterwards pardoned, and set about making money selling sly grog.

With Governor Macquarie's permission, he built an inn. The inn was "Brislington." Parramatta was a thirsty town in those days, and innkeepers did well.

BRISLINGTON (below), until recently the home of Dr. and Mrs. Keith Brown, was built in 1820, as the date over the arched doorway, on right. Originally an inn, it abounds in relics of convict days, including garden trough (left), supported by stones brought from Parramatta military barracks when they were demolished. House has been a home for 100 years.



FIRHOLME, where French tutor of Macarthur's family, Huon de Kerillion, lived, is now guarded by caretaker, Mrs. Wynne Jones. A factory will be built on part of its grounds, but the cottage will remain.



SCHOOLHOUSE of reddish brick, built close to Firholme, where Huon de Kerillion taught the Macarthur children. It has recently been used as a laundry and as a kennel for racing greyhounds.



PILLARS on verandah of "Roseneath," home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gates, typify architecture of early 19th century. Below are stone pillars once part of Governor Brisbane's observatory in Parramatta Park.



The Australian Women's Weekly, January 14, 1958—Page 15

there's a place
for a Rug
in every room ...



... and a **FIELD'S RUG** is the best

There's a place—an *important* place—in every room of your home

for the colour and charm of these beautiful Field's rugs. Made in two convenient shapes, oblong and half moon.

Field's rugs are available in a wide variety of colours . . . to suit every taste and every furnishing scheme.

Available from carpet departments of better Retail and Furnishing Stores.

A few of the many lovely shades
now available:

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Chinese Rose | 2. Wine |
| 3. Biscuit | 4. Porcelain Green |
| 5. Golden Brown | 6. Arras Green |
| 7. Red | 8. Blue |
| 9. Rust | 10. Fawn |
| 11. Peach | 12. Off White |



Field's
Goat's Head
RUGS·MATS

F2FP

EDWIN FIELD & SONS LTD., SKELMANTHORPE, YORKSHIRE. SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS: JORDAN & MOSS - ALL CAPITAL CITIES

Rue Suggests BRIDAL HEAD-DRESSES

● Period bonnet of shirred tulle, at left, is charming for a bridesmaid. A roll of the tulle circles the crown and falls into trailing ends to tie under the chin.

● Tiny egg-shell cap for the bride, below, is made of finely shirred tulle or net, and is given an unusual attractive note with lovely flowers pouring in a cluster down one side of the face.

● Coif bonnet of woven Swiss straw, at right, has a silk chiffon scarf draped across the top and through the sides. It would be equally attractive for the bride or her attendants.

● Flattering, wonderful picture hat, above, for a bridesmaid, is made entirely of layers of pastel tulle. A soft roll of the tulle circles the very transparent head-hugging crown.

● Tiny, curled organza brim and a crown of white lilac make a perfect bridal head-dress. The shirred matching muff is dotted with sprigs of lilac and has long streamers falling from it, also dotted with the blossom.

Three more sparkling
Pepsodent smiles

IN THE

£250 PEPSODENT CASH CONTEST!

Have you got your entry form for the "Miss Pepsodent, 1949" Competition? Your Pepsodent supplier has them. Get one today, and a tube of Pepsodent—you'll need the carton to send both end flaps with your entry.

Enter
for that
£250 prize!

Choose "Miss Pepsodent, 1949"—the girl whose Pepsodent-white teeth add the most charm to her smile—and name the other eight in your order of preference. Which of them has the most charming smile? which next? and so on.

★
JUNE
PRIOR

See those dazzling smiles!—as all Pepsodent users will tell you—New Pepsodent gives the whitest teeth.

★
LORNA
KING

★
MARY
ARKELL

They're convinced!
They use Pepsodent!
They know!



SO SIMPLE TO ENTER
— NO ENTRY FEE

★
IMPORTANT NOTE:

We regret that owing to legislation in force in Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia, readers in those states are not eligible to compete and must not submit entries.

Get your entry form today from your Pepsodent supplier. You can send as many entries as you like. There's no entry fee—but each entry must be accompanied by both end flaps from a Pepsodent carton, so be sure to buy a tube today!

Get your Entry Form Today!

PL76.142e

Page 15



one
spraying
kills
instantly
and keeps
killing
for months

Flies, Mosquitoes,
Silverfish, Fleas,
can't live with
Super SHELLTOX.
Spray it into the air
and it kills every insect
instantly. Spray it on
surfaces and it kills every
insect that sets foot there
for months afterwards.
Get Super SHELLTOX
at your grocer's or
hardware store today.

SUPER
shelltox
with **DDT**



THE SHELL CO. OF AUST. LTD.
(Inc. in Gt. Britain)

ST496

When the "Instant Kill" only is required use the foremost space-spray—**Standard** **SHELLTOX**

Aboriginal artist takes up grazing property

Namatjira wants to settle sons on land their forebears roamed

From FREDA YOUNG, of our Adelaide staff

First aboriginal to be granted a cattle-grazing licence in North Australia is 47-year-old artist Albert Namatjira, whose pictures have brought him fame and fortune.

The licence is for from 400 to 500 square miles of country about 200 miles slightly north of west of Alice Springs.

IN a few weeks Albert will buy 400 or more head of cattle.

He will continue with his paintings to cover expenses.

Already known throughout the world for the water colors he has painted in the vivid hues of the country in which he has spent his life, his exhibitions create minor furores.

Generally they yield anything up to £1500. Pictures have several times brought 55 guineas.

He is planning a show in Sydney in June this year, as well as establishing himself on his property.

In the mid-30's, Rex E. Battarbee, then of Melbourne, and now living permanently at Alice Springs, went on a painting excursion to Central Australia, at the end of which he held an exhibition of his work at Hermannsburg Mission.

Albert, who has always lived at the mission, was among the 300 or so aborigines who were excited and flattered at seeing wide expanses of the country that they knew so well reproduced within the limited dimensions of a painting.

However, the reaction went a bit deeper with Albert . . . he asked if he could try his hand.

He had mastered other crafts of the white man. He could build, carpenter, was an excellent blacksmith and stockman. In fact, the painting Albert was already known at the mission for his many skills.

Mr. Battarbee, himself painter and sympathetic, let him try.

Then Albert persuaded the superintendent, Pastor Albrecht, to get painting equipment for him, but before it arrived Mr. Battarbee was on his way home again.

Albert tried his paints; but was disappointed. He realised: he needed guidance, so put the things away, hoping that his tutor would one day return.

He waited for two years and when the long-hoped-for visit eventuated Mr. Battarbee found a very eager camel man awaiting him in Albert.

One result of that tuition is Albert's spectacular success. In order to keep enough pictures for shows, private sales are now made only on a priority basis.

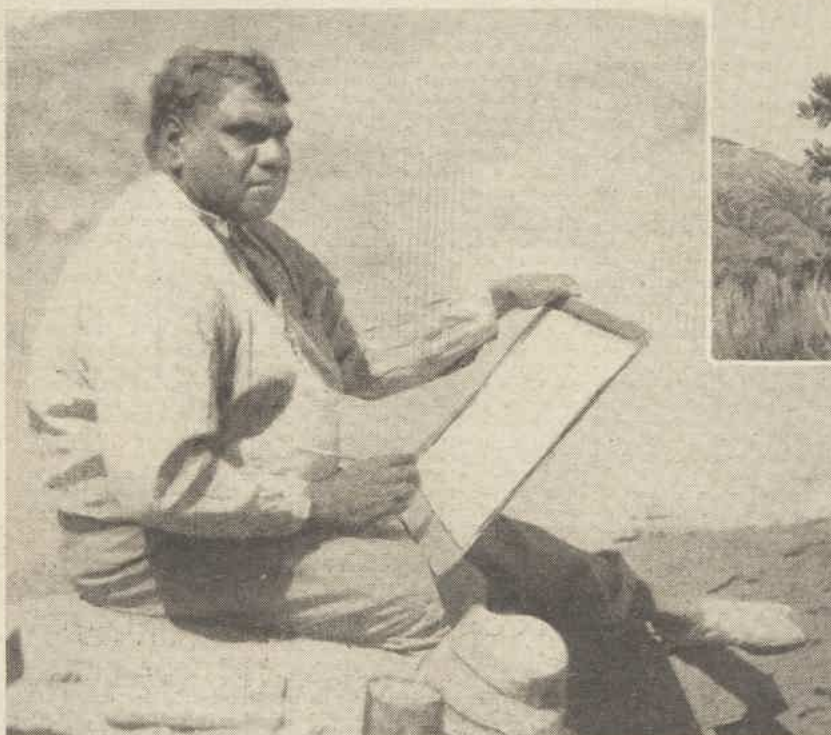


ALBERT and two of his five sons, with the truck they will use for hauling supplies to the new property, north of Mt. Liebig, and north of the Great Western Reserve for Natives.

ART GALLERY AT MISSION

ABORIGINAL artists of the Northern Territory, of whom Albert Namatjira is the maestro, are keen to establish an art gallery at Hermannsburg Mission, for the sake of their children's children, to enable them to see the country of their ancestors through the eyes of their own people.

Most of them have contributed pictures for this purpose. A recent acquisition was Namatjira's gift of one of his finest paintings of The Amphitheatre, Palm Valley.



ABORIGINAL ARTIST Albert Namatjira at work on one of his vivid landscapes. He is a member of the Aranda Tribe, sometimes called the Arrantas, a people who believed that the earth belonged to all, and who never owned property individually.

In addition, there is now a school of promising young aboriginal artists at the mission, some of whom hold city shows which yield a good return.

Albert has a great respect for white men, but he has never visited a city. Oodnadatta is the farthest south he has been, and Alice Springs is the biggest centre he knows.

When he holds a show, all he knows about it is the telegram which arrives, and which usually informs

him "All pictures sold within hour . . ." and the sum realised.

Everyone else at the mission is excited, but a satisfied grunt is Albert's only reaction.

Always a good family man, he has dreamed dreams of settling his sons on the land of their forefathers.

Dream plan

HE talked his plan over at the mission with the committee of councillors established about six years ago to husband his resources, to help with his bookkeeping, to organise sales of his pictures, and to advise him generally.

The committee includes Mr. Battarbee and officials of the mission, Pastor Sam O. Gross, assistant superintendent, Miss Hilda West, head teacher, and Mr. A. P. Latz, stockman.

They went to Alice Springs with Albert when he made his application to the Native Affairs and Lands Departments, and the land he wanted was earmarked for him.

This licence is a probationary step towards a pastoral lease, renewable yearly, the system under which all Northern Territory holdings are worked.

Licenses are not permitted to spend much money on their holdings until pastoral leases are granted, and the applicant becomes virtually the owner.

Like all cattle men in the Ter-

ritory, Albert will be free of income tax on money earned through his property, but he will be taxed on his income from his paintings.

Albert's ranch is in the Macdonnell Ranges, north of Mount Liebig, and also north of the Government's Great Western Reserve for Natives.

It is good, "painting country" and believed to be good cattle country, too.

A few weeks ago, when he applied for and got his cattle-grazing licence, Albert set off to check up the water situation—a vital consideration, as this land has never been occupied before.

The nearest roads end at Mount Liebig. There is one south of the Macdonnell Ranges that passes through Hermannsburg Mission.

Pastor Gross told me that the section from the mission to Mount Liebig was made by aborigines.

The first part, from the mission to Haast Bluff, was worked out by a three-quarter caste named Manasse with no technical surveying knowledge.

To blaze the track he went through the country by camel to see what obstacles there were such as creek crossings, gorges, hills, and swamps, and which route would give least trouble.

Then he pegged his road and with a team of natives, equipped with picks, shovels, and axes, he went out to make it.

From Haast Bluff a half aboriginal, Wilfred Swift, and a team carried on.



A GHOST GUM at Haast Bluff, which Namatjira has painted several times, the treatment differing in each picture. He has given this one to the Hermannsburg Art Gallery.

But even this road is quite a distance from the Namatjira ranch.

The road on the north side of the ranges, the last part of which would "break a snake's back," was made by the Lasseter expedition searching for the fabulous gold reef.

Albert is generous to a fault, and when in the money has "more friends and relations than ever."

His wife is described by Pastor Gross as "a tall woman with all the dignity that Albert has." There are five sons, two married with families, two still at school, and an in-between one, and two married daughters.

The two elder sons, who will work on the property, are painters, too.

A great grief to the family was the death in childbirth last year of another daughter, Hazel.

"She was a very fine type," the Pastor said, "and her death was a tragedy."

Albert has a house at the mission . . . an Army disposals hut which he bought recently.

When he first began to earn money from his pictures he built himself a stone house, with a shower installed, a couple of miles from the mission.

But it was too far away to be practicable, and he abandoned it. Recently two young aboriginal artists, the brothers Edwin and Otto Pareroulja, bought it from him.

"We are hoping everything goes well for Albert," the Pastor told me. "It is wonderful to find so much ambition and enterprise in an aboriginal, and his success may inspire others to follow his lead."

Albert and his wife are very happy and companionable. Mrs. Namatjira often accompanies her husband on his painting excursions, a departure from native custom.

At the missions and reserves all but able-bodied males get government rations and amenities.

The men have to earn their keep, but although they could make good money they are content to earn only enough for their day to day existence.

But Albert, the man of property, is different.

More pictures on page 27

SELF-RULE IN INDONESIA

THE guns have been put away in at least one of the trouble spots of the world—Indonesia.

Dutch and Indonesian soldiers, who only recently were fighting a bitter guerrilla war, shared in ceremonies proclaiming Indonesian sovereignty.

At the same moment, Queen Juliana was signing her assent to this change at Amsterdam, thus ending 340 years of Dutch colonial rule in the East Indies.

The change was inevitable—just as Britain's relinquishing of power in India was inevitable.

It is out of line with modern thought that any race should be governed by another.

In other days there existed a comfortable belief in the essential inferiority of more primitive peoples.

But wherever the white explorers and conquerors of the 17th and 18th centuries went they were followed by administrators, teachers, and missionaries.

The knowledge and ideas brought by the white man mingled with the native cultures to create a ferment of development.

As the decades rolled by it became evident that each race could produce its own leaders and thinkers, administrators, and teachers equal to the white masters. The natural result was demands for self-government.

The time has come for each country to rule itself, while co-operating with the rest for the betterment of the world.

Australians will wish their Indonesian neighbors peace and success in their new liberty and new responsibility.

POMPADOUR: Trained as a king's favorite

From earliest childhood Jeanne Antoinette Poisson Le Normant d'Étioles Pompadour, the lovely, brilliant, haughty woman who shone at the Court of Louis XV for nearly 20 years, was trained to be the mistress of a king.

DAUGHTER of a drunken father and a clever, beautiful mother of doubtful virtue but great ambition, Jeanne-Antoinette had the idea that she would be a king's mistress instilled into her childish mind by her mother, who paid an old woman fortune-teller to prophesy it. The fortune-teller received a pension from Pompadour in later days for the correctness of her prediction.

For the girl who was born Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, on December 29, 1721, of purely middle-class lineage, became not only the mistress of the handsome, indolent Louis XV when she was 22, but also reigned for a time over Louis and his Ministers with almost autocratic power.

Her status at the French Court was nearly equal to that of the Queen, Marie Leczinska. While she herself was lady-in-waiting to the Queen she also had her lords-and-ladies-in-waiting, some of Royal blood.

The Queen had to be gracious because she knew she had her rival to thank when her husband treated her kindly. None of Louis' other mistresses had persuaded him to be kind to his wife.

As Pompadour rose to power she interfered more and more with public affairs. She tried to control the appointment of State Ministers, Ambassadors, and generals, and took it upon herself to direct their policy and operations. The entry of France into the lamentable Seven Years' War was due to her influence and earned for her the complete hatred of the French people.

Her meddling in public affairs did a great deal of harm, but also a little good, for her passionate love of literature and the arts prompted her to do all she could to advance France culturally.

Pompadour's 20 years at Court were difficult ones. She had countless enemies and it was often her life against theirs. To keep her hold on the King's affections, she strove constantly to make herself necessary to his very existence.

She had to amuse a man who was most difficult to amuse. He was spoiled and indolent, and it was said of him: "He made the trade of king the most ignoble one in the world."

She transformed the Court to suit his every caprice. She had patience and tact; she could make even the

slenderest piece of gossip sound interesting; she invented new diversions and imparted novelty to old; she never prolonged any particular amusement beyond the point where it might pall.

Knowing that the King was little interested in politics and public business, she pandered to his apathy by encouraging him to forget his responsibilities.

She often refused to let his Ministers and foreign Ambassadors see him. If a Minister wanted to see the King urgently while he was with Pompadour and her friends he had to make application in writing to Pompadour, who decided if the matter was urgent enough.

Tall and graceful, with chestnut hair, classic features, exquisite skin, a ravishing smile, and "singularly fascinating eyes," Madame de Pompadour used both her beauty and her brains to achieve more and more power.

Her natural ability was aided by a most expensive education, paid for by Le Normant de Tournehem, one of her mother's lovers. By the time she was 18 no young girl in Paris could match her in wit, taste in dress, artistic accomplishments, and horseback riding.

"She sings perfectly, knows dozens of amusing little songs, is educated in all one could wish and is a brilliant actress with a sound knowledge of the theatre," recorded a contemporary historian.

Beautiful, accomplished, and witty, she wielded great power at Court of Louis XV

Pompadour's "burly, coarse-natured" father benefited considerably from her influence with the King, but her mother died soon after her daughter had achieved the "glorious dishonor" she had so long planned for her.

Her father, M. Poisson, who was said to have had no respect for himself or anyone else, held a responsible position in a famous French banking house. Five years after his daughter's birth, when defalcations were discovered at his bank, he left France suddenly for foreign parts. He returned 15 years later when the "tears and smiles of a daughter whom no one could refuse, and of a wife who could refuse no one" had rendered him safe from prosecution.

When she was twenty Jeanne-Antoinette married de Tournehem's nephew, Le Normant d'Étioles, a plain, red-haired young man who showed his genuine love for her by

FAMOUS WOMEN



MADAME POMPADOUR. She became the King's mistress at 22.

giving her a town house and a country seat at Étioles, near the forest of Senart and close to the Royal chateau of Choisy, where the King's current mistress, the Duchess of Chateauroux, was installed.

Jeanne-Antoinette's town house soon became the rendezvous of famous literary men, courtiers, and foreign diplomats. Her country house, where she had a small theatre, was filled with gaiety.

But she was not content with her status as the beautiful, accomplished wife of a rich, adoring husband. Marriage was but the first step towards the accomplishment of the one object of her life—the conquest of the heart of Louis XV.

After attracting his attention by following him in her carriage when he hunted in the forest of Senart, fortune favored her with the sudden death of the Duchess of Chateauroux. She set to work with a vengeance and managed to insinuate herself farther into his thoughts at a masked ball.

Dressed as Diana the Huntress, with a bow in her hand, a quiver at her side and her hair, which fell in ringlets over her shoulder, sparkling with precious stones, she waited until Louis was near her and then pretended to shoot an arrow at him.

When the King exclaimed, "Lovely huntress, the darts you shoot are mortal," she replied, "For everybody but you, sire; the dart I shoot will only have wounded myself."

She unmasked coquettishly, at his request, then, after some vivacious conversation, slipped away in the crowd, making sure he did not lose sight of her.

A few days later she followed the King's hunting party in a carriage made of mother-of-pearl in the form of a shell, and drawn by a pair of beautiful chestnuts. Louis immediately recognised her and that evening he sent her the choicest game and trophies from his chase.

Further meetings were arranged

and she followed Louis' camp during the Fontenoy war. She left her husband and was acknowledged in 1745 as the King's favorite, given the title of Marquise de Pompadour and installed in the palace at Versailles, where she was presented at Court.

At first her life as the King's mistress was not easy. The Court was jealously against her and arrogantly amused at her unreasoning of Court etiquette. Louis' children never troubled to conceal their disgust at their father's liaison with her. The working class and the poor, remembering her father's drunkenness and her mother's wantonness, ridiculed her, usually in verse.

But Pompadour was determined to make her position secure. She ingratiated herself with the Queen by being respectful and attentive, she won over Court identities, arranged a loan between the King and a famous financial house which benefited her considerably, and engineered the dismissal of any of the King's Ministers who would not be friends with her.

Her ability to amuse Louis was her greatest asset. Without it her beauty and other accomplishments would not have kept her long in favor. She gave him a taste for luxuries which he had never before known, being a miserly man, and she encouraged him to treat affairs of State with something like contempt.

Continued on page 25

RUMORS—their sources are hard to trace

A RUMOR that bubble gum caused Melbourne's infantile paralysis outbreak is as fantastic as scores of others that take in even Governments.

The truth is that bubble gum doesn't start or spread any disease at all. It certainly had nothing to do with the Melbourne epidemic last year, for none was even sold there.

One of the longest, most persistent, and most elaborate rumor campaigns was aimed at the aluminium industry in the United States. This rumor said that aluminium cooking-pans poisoned people and caused cancer. According to one rumor, it killed Rudolph Valentino, the film star.

The rumors were completely false. They were traced back to rival kitchenware makers.

Another rumor, reported in A.M. for January, now on sale, said that a leper had been working in a well-known cigarette factory.

The factory offered £10,000 reward for reliable evidence about who was behind this rumor, but had no takers.

A.M. is the magazine for men and women. Price is 1/-.

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





NEW ZEALAND VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. A. Murray Bain, of Auckland, attend Randwick races when they visit Sydney for holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Bain intend visiting Scotland before returning to their home in New Zealand.



HOLIDAY RACE MEETING. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sargood, of Bond Springs station, Alice Springs, with Mr. Charles Little, of London, Sue Playfair, and Mrs. Sargood's son, Bruce Chisholm, attend Randwick together.



CELEBRATION. Derek McLaren (left) and Pam Miller celebrate their engagement at Prince's with Barbara Walsh and Laurence Street. Pam is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Miller, of Rose Bay. Derek son of the J. E. McLaren, Darling Point.

Intimate Greetings

WITH whirl of preparations, not only for her wedding, but for the furnishing of her new home, Diana Robinson tells me she is leading hectic life these days madly matching materials.

Diana, who is the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Clive Robinson, of Point Piper, will marry Tony Rose at St. Stephen's Macquarie Street, on February 11.

Tony, who is veterinary science student at Sydney University, is eldest son of Mr. R. G. Rose, of Narrabeen, and of Mrs. Joyce Rose, of Elizabeth Bay.

Reception after marriage will be held at Royal Sydney Golf Club, and when couple return from their honeymoon they will take up residence in new flat which has been converted by Diana's parents for her at their home.

Romance in air at wedding, as bridesmaid is Helen Dobell, who sails few days after wedding for England, where she will marry Peter Adams.

Diana's other bridesmaid, Pam Hudson, will sail later in the year for England, where she will be Helen's bridesmaid.

MY Melbourne newsboud tells me she sees pretty Ann Sallman dancing at Claridge's with her naval lieutenant husband, Anthony Sallman, when they are on four weeks' holiday from their Double Bay home. Ann says she leaves baby son, Peter, in care of his grandmother, Mrs. J. B. Foley, and adds that grannies are wonderful sitters. Ann and Tony were first with the Morris Sallmans and later with Ann's parents, Captain and Mrs. J. B. Foley.

NEWS from America from Deirdre and Paul Malone tells me their third child, a boy, was born in Washington on December 17. Paul is attached to the Canadian Embassy in Washington. Couple's other two children, Tony and Mark, were both born in different countries—Tony in Canada and Mark in Australia. Deirdre's sister, Mrs. Bill Holley, will be godmother, and Paul's brother, Father Joe Malone, godfather.

NEW arrival for Wally and Margaret Gunn, of Mundine, Goomdivindi, who receive congratulations on arrival in Brisbane of their baby son, James Walter. Formerly Margaret Doyle, of Mirrawah, Boggabilla, babe's mother was well known in the showing as a rider and exhibitor of stud cattle.

ROUSING the green-eyed monster... Delightful gift of coffee spoons sent as gift from Denmark to Mrs. Christian Witrus, of Wollstonecraft, each with Hans Andersen fairy character as motif for handle... ball gown made out of Indian sari which Miss Barbara Knox had made for her by Matilda Eches in London.

SOUTH AMERICAN wife of Cyril Dewey, new chairman of Australian Shipping Board, is making her first trip to Australia. They bring their auburn-haired daughters, Rene and Lucie, with them; will make their home in Sydney.

WEDDING planned for early this year by Mrs. Kathleen Jones, who is well known in Canberra diplomatic circles. Mrs. Jones, who is the widow of Pilot-Officer Edward Lloyd Jones, R.A.A.F., of Canberra, will marry John Ballardie, of St. Andrew's, Scotland. Kath has been Australian Vice-Consul in Shanghai, and is at present with the Australian Embassy at Karachi, Pakistan. John is a banker in Karachi. Couple hope to spend six months travelling England, Scotland, and the Continent, before settling down in Karachi. Kath is the elder daughter of Mrs. E. M. Sargent, of Hobart.

COUNTRY interest in engagement of Kathleen Gerrard, of Scone, and Pat Carrigan, of "White Rocks," Muswellbrook. Kathleen, who was in the Army as a nursing sister, is the elder daughter of Mrs. A. T. Fox, and Pat is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Carrigan.



DINNER PARTY. Judy Throsby (left), Harry Evans, Elaine Blanchard, Gordon Douglass, Rena Laman, and Lieut. D. L. Crofts, R.N., of H.M.A.S. Sydney, dine at Palm Beach Country Club over holidays.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mrs. Arthur Lippitt signs register at St. Philip's, Church Hill, while her husband and Rev. E. K. Cole look on. Bride formerly Joyce Belfield, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Belfield, Ashfield. Arthur son of the A. Lippitts, Carlton.

FEBRUARY wedding for Norma Grayston and Peter Attwood, of Coolah, when they choose the tenth for their marriage. Betty hails from Floradora, Dunedoo.

ATTRACTIVE sisters, Tess and Virginia Hayward, of Adelaide, spend holidays in each other's company and visit Sydney friend, Pauline Griffin, of Hunter's Hill. Tess will complete almoner's course within next few months, and Virginia does Uni. course at Adelaide.

POLO players Alec Henderson and his wife, Phillipa, from Scone, Ken and Phyl Mackay from Melbourne, Dunoon, will make the trek to Terrigal again this year. Ken's brother Bob and his attractive wife, Penny, choose Collaroy for their spot of relaxation.

DELIGHTED with arrival of their first baby, a daughter, are Bill and Dell Birdsall, of "Doonabri," Wingen.

INTERESTING time abroad for young Australian, Deirdre Henty-Creer. After 5000-mile tour of Spain by car she is showing many of the Spanish scenes and sketches of bullfights at an exhibition of her paintings at the Cooling Galleries in Bond Street.

Deirdre, who has exhibited at the R.A., the R.B.A., and many Municipal Art Galleries, is a member of the United Society of Artists and the Ridley Art Club.

Deirdre's first Academy picture, "Old Chelsea," painted when she was 18. Daughter of the commander of H.M.A.S. Tingira, a naval training ship, Deirdre lived on board for two years. Her mother is the daughter of the late F. G. Henty, M.L.C., and a direct descendant of Stephen Henty, one of the founders of Victoria.

Joyce



ENGAGED. Gwyneth Dearman (fourth from left) celebrates her engagement at Prince's with Raymond King (third from left). Others in party, Edward Dawson, Elaine Shields, Bruce White, and Lols Winterbottom. Gwyneth, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Dearman, of Killara, is graduate in dental surgery.



NEW YEAR BRIDE. Mrs. John Parsons and her husband leave St. Francis Xavier Church, Arncliffe, after their marriage. Bride, formerly Laurel Curtis, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Curtis, of Arncliffe, formerly of Wagga. John is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Parsons, of Rockdale.

Favourite pen of all the world

Actually 83 surveys in 54 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen.

Parker "51," most beautiful pen ever made, surpasses all others in technical precision. Words flow spontaneously from the unique tubular nib which is tipped with a wear-resistant alloy. The patented ink trap maintains an even flow—correctly filled Parker "51" never leaks or blobs. All vital parts including the patented self-filler are hidden safely inside the streamlined barrel.

Available with Rolled Gold Cap, price £110/-...
Lustrous Cap, price 95/-... in Black, Dove Grey, Cedar Blue or Cardinal Brown.

OTHER FAMOUS PARKER PENS.

DUOFOLD. The finest pen at its price in the world—streamlined and handsome. Rolled gold arrow-clip holds pen low and safe in pocket. Finest quality smooth-writing 14 carat gold nib, price 47/6.

VICTORY. Moderately priced but retaining all the elegance and efficiency that goes with every Parker pen. This attractive model is light, and perfectly balanced—price 29/6.

Parker "51"

Distributors for Australia:
BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH.

Fill your pen with QUINK—a protective ink for all gold fountain pens.



A FORMER SUFFERER TELLS HOW HE NOW GETS

Positive Protection from Fleas



"A sensitive chap like me resents a flea family making him Home Sweet Home. Fortunately, I'm an intelligent fellow. Soon as I pick up a flea or two from one of my more careless colleagues, I remind The Old Man about the Mortein Powder. I sit in his line of vision and scratch for dear life. Pronto The Old Man reaches for the tin of Mortein with one hand and for me with the other. In a couple of "shakes" it's all over—for the flea, that is. If you've got a dog he'll appreciate Mortein, too."



MORTEIN INSECT POWDER

Certain death to insect pests

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING . . . STICK TO IT!

357-48



COMMANDER
JOHN PLUNKETT-COLE

... Australian War Book

TALL, lean, and of genial disposition, Commander John Plunkett-Cole, R.A.N., has been appointed as Australian War Book officer. His distinguished naval career includes the command of R.A.N. Frigate Culgoa and the post of Senior Officer of the First Frigate Flotilla. Prior to these appointments he was in charge of Midshipmen at Flinders Naval College, Victoria. During the war Commander Plunkett-Cole saw active service as captain of the destroyers *Vendetta*, *Nepal*, *Napier*, and *Norman*. He is married and has two sons, and with his family lives in Melbourne.

Interesting People



MRS. LT.-COL. J. P. DEAN

... 1000th case of clothing

ONE day a week for two years Mrs. Lieut.-Col. Dean has packed and sorted clothes at Salvation Army Headquarters, Sydney. Recently the Army sent its 1000th case to its London "Generosity Warehouse."

Mrs. Dean has been secretary of the Women's Home League Division, East Melbourne, W.A., and Tasmania; and with her husband served a short term in India.



MR. P. D. RIDDELL

... improved technical training

DIRECTOR of Technical Education, N.S.W., and Regional Director Industrial Training in the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme, Mr. P. D. Riddell has retired after 42 years with the Education Department. For ten years the principal of Newcastle Technical College, he worked for the inclusion of homecraft courses for non-tradesmen in technical colleges, and fought for better technical training facilities for youth in country centres. In retirement he will play bowls (three times a week), take watercolor lessons, and perhaps write a book from his notes.

WORTH Reporting

WHEN a census now being taken of all plants and shrubs in the Melbourne Botanical Gardens is completed shortly, the Gardens staff will be able to find out, by looking up an index, almost exactly where everything is growing.

Work of listing the location of over 16,000 varieties of plants and trees in the hundred acres of gardens started fifteen months ago.

It's been a big job. A census has not been taken for over fifty years.

Melbourne Botanical Gardens, which are considered the show gardens of the Southern Hemisphere, have grown "like Topsy" since 1846, when five acres of ground were fenced in at the back of Government House to keep out straying cattle.

In 1896 when the course of the River Yarra was straightened, a backwater was directed to form part of the gardens' beautiful seven acres of lakes. This set off the artistic landscape gardening introduced by Curator William Guilfoyle, who took over from famous botanist Baron Frederick von Mueller in 1873.

Over 11,000 inquiries have been handled by the Herbarium staff during the past year.

Questioners ranged from Department of Agriculture officers giving the third degree to suspected noxious weeds to suburban gardeners who sent in specimens of artificially tinted arum lilies to find out the variety so that they could also grow painted lilies.

Quick identification by staff of poison ivy plant sent in by a country doctor helped him to make his diagnosis and successfully treat a farmer who became dangerously ill after handling a "new variety of plant" which sprang up in his garden.

THE most intriguing thing we've seen for a long time was a nameplate on a motor-bike, reading, "Untamed." The bike, ridden by a young man, reared while we dashed, at the last minute, across an intersection.

As we came nearer we saw that some hand had crossed out the first two letters, making the word "Tamed." We're still wondering if the young fellow's girl did the crossing out, or if his spirit was broken by pedestrians like ourselves.



"I'm awfully tired of working for peanuts."

"Bucket Brigade" party after the fire

BECAUSE she wanted readers to know of the warm-heartedness met by one Australian girl married to an American ex-serviceman, Mrs. Muriel McHugh Wade, of Alabama, U.S.A., wrote to us. She told of the novel and generous action of neighbors when she and her husband lost all their possessions when their newly built house was burnt down during their absence from home.

The Women's Clubs of the town where the Wades live arranged a "Bucket Brigade" after-fire party and sent out invitations that read: "Come join with us in a Bucket Brigade."

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse H. Wade:
For tho' the big fire is already out,
We'd like them to know without a doubt
That Friendship's spark still glows strong.
Please do come, and bring a little gift along.

The party resulted in the Wades being given 23 sheets, 49 towels, 19 pairs of pillow cases, an electric iron, a complete set of china—every piece being individually given—a full range of cooking utensils, and three pastel blankets. As well as other household articles, they were both given gifts of clothing.

"In all," Mrs. Wade writes, "we were given 170 gifts, and are still receiving them. We are building again, and have had help with the lumber and an offer of electrical fittings. America is a fine country."

Mrs. Wade estimates that 75 per cent. of the townspeople turned out to help fight the fire. Neighbors waited for them at the gate, so that they wouldn't have to face the ruins of their home themselves.

Wants "I love you" put in writing

RETURNING by train from a country assignment, one of our reporters got into conversation with a young man who claimed to be able to read character from handwriting.

Sure that it couldn't be done, she handed him her pencilled notes and sat back prepared to scoff. Instead, she listened to an accurate character reading.

The young man claimed that character reading from handwriting is a science. He had been studying it for years, and had a large reference library on the subject. He had also taken a course in psychology so as to be able to interpret better an overall pattern of character from the signs readily seen.

He said that if people realised what a guide to character handwriting is, they wouldn't hesitate to have intended partners in marriage or business submit their writing for analysis.

He argued that writing is indicative of character, because though most people are taught to write to a pattern (such as cursive), they all develop an individual style.

The person who wrote a careful cursive hand was often found to have little character and less imagination, while the allegedly bad writer was brimful of individuality.

The only thing it is impossible to read from handwriting is a person's age or sex, he said. The mental age of the person is immediately apparent, and for this reason it is sometimes difficult to read fully the character of a young person or one who had been retarded in development by remaining tied to a parent's apron-strings.

THERE have always been a few people with delicate ears who put in those little rubber ear-plugs before going into the water. But this season, a Bondi chemist says, sales have reached a new high. He attributes it to the desperate resistance put up by those whose ill-temperament, sun, and cold, against the ever-growing number of portable radios taken to the beach. The new buyers of ear-plugs wear them out of the water, not in.

New Zealand's No. 1 family

New Prime Minister and his wife love home life

New Zealand's recently elected Prime Minister, Sidney George Holland, is a modest, friendly, warm-hearted, and considerate man, who thinks more of his home and his family than he does of fame or success.

He says: "My job in life is to try to make sure that New Zealand is a good place for children like my own to live in." He has two sons and two daughters, and a grandson and a granddaughter.

MR. HOLLAND is Prime Minister to-day as a result of an accident—not a political accident, but one which precipitated him into the heat of an election campaign in 1935, just fourteen days before nominations closed.

His father, injured in an accident, was forced to retire from the contest for the Christchurch North seat.

Sidney had never dreamed of entering politics. He was happy to

work in the business which he and his brother had toiled to make prosperous for many years.

His interest in politics had been confined to helping his father in campaigns over the years.

When his father was unable to contest the seat, Holland, jun., decided to step into his political shoes. He fought a whirlwind campaign and won with a majority of 953 votes.

That was a disastrous year for the Conservatives. The swing was against them, and for the first time New Zealand returned a Labor Gov-

ernment. Among the thin line of opponents of the new Government there was one new recruit only. That was Mr. Holland, an almost unknown and certainly timorous political fledgling.

However, he was soon to make his mark, and by 1940 he was selected to lead the party in the House and outside. So began the long journey back to popular favor, the remoulding of the National Party.

Mr. Holland and his wife are proud of their family, and as a family they are devoted to one another.

Both daughters have come from Christchurch with their mother to live in the official residence in Wellington. Mrs. Holland is hoping, too, that one of the sons will also be able to join the family again.

Like many more New Zealanders who have become famous, Mr. Holland began at the bottom of the ladder—his first job after leaving school at 15 being that of errand boy on a weekly wage of five shillings.

He proudly told me that in those now far-off days the boys vied with each other in the weights they could carry on their bicycles and deliver in the course of a day.

At night the young Holland studied engineering at Christchurch Technical College. But World War I came and he celebrated his 21st birthday in camp. He was commissioned before he went to France. He served through the campaigns which led to Messines. That battle ended his war service, and he was invalided home to spend six months in hospital. He still suffers from the effects of his injuries.

Had it not been for the war and the need for a period of convalescence, he might never have met



NEW ZEALAND Prime Minister, Mr. Sidney Holland, photographed with his wife at their home at Christchurch, reading congratulatory messages.

his wife, the former Miss Florence Drayton. He was recuperating at the lovely little resort, Akaroa, near Christchurch, when he met her and they married in 1920.

It was in this year, too, that he and his brother decided to start the engineering shop that has since become a thriving business. The brothers worked hard.

With a spray-pump they were manufacturing strapped to his back. Mr. Holland walked hundreds of miles along Canterbury's dusty back-country roads, demonstrating to farmers the efficacy of the device for a multitude of jobs.

For many years neither partner took a penny of profit from the business, but their efforts were rewarded, and Mr. Holland was already a successful businessman when in 1935 he entered Parliament.

His two daughters—Jocelyn, 22, and Lois, 21—naturally are thrilled to be in the heart of things in Wellington.

Jocelyn had been working in an accountant's office in Christchurch, but is now seeking employment in Wellington. Lois, who hopes to complete the course for her B.A. degree in the coming year, will transfer from the roll at Canterbury Univer-

sity College to Victoria University College, Wellington.

Mrs. Holland hopes that her younger son, Geoffrey, 25, who has just returned from Melbourne, where he passed the primary examination for his Fellowship in the Royal College of Surgeons, will obtain a post at Wellington Public Hospital, and be able to rejoin the family circle.

The elder son, Eric, will remain at Christchurch. After serving in the war in the Pacific and Italy, where he was mentioned in dispatches, he returned to Christchurch and entered his father's business. He is married and, at 27, is the father of a boy and a girl.

Mrs. Holland herself is a home body. Almost all her life until now has been spent in caring for her home and family.

She loves bridge, and among a wide circle of friends in Christchurch is most popular.

A good hostess, she will have much more entertaining to do now than ever before. To a woman who has always kept open home for her own and her family's friends, and the many guests entertained since her husband entered public life, the social duties associated with her husband's new post will be easy for her.



THE HOLLANDS' seven-roomed home at St. Alan's, Christchurch, set in a garden in which it used to be Mr. Holland's delight to work, but he has little free time for that now.

Even grown-up ladies can learn from chubby babies

The freshness of a baby's skin is no lovelier than Joan's own dewy complexion. "A tiny baby taught me my lesson," says Joan. "Seeing how gentle Pears cared for my baby niece's skin showed me the value of pure, mild Pears for grown-up complexions, too."

Use Pears yourself and you will find that your skin will take on the silken softness of a tiny child's.

Pears

A day sailing on the harbour under a clear, blue sky... yet Joan knows that her complexion will remain the object of admiring eyes. For her skin will be as fresh and lovely as ever, thanks to pure, mild Pears.

There's no longer need for you to envy the soft glow of baby's tender skin. Your own complexion will glow a lovelier-than-ever freshness with pure, mild Pears.



Pears is the original transparent soap... it's so pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet

Proved by women everywhere

NEW RINSO

BEST FOR EVERYTHING



Washes
WHITER
than Brand-New

Washes
BRIGHTER
than Brand-New

...because there's **NEW MAGIC**
in **RINSO's THICKER RICHER SUDS**



THE MORE OFTEN
YOU WASH YOUR CLOTHES
IN NEW RINSO'S
THICKER, RICHER SUDS
THE WHITER AND BRIGHTER
THEY BECOME.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!
CLOTHES YOU'VE HAD FOR
YEARS TAKE ON A BRILLIANCE
THAT WAS IMPOSSIBLE
BEFORE WE HAD
NEW RINSO!

GREASY DISHES
SPARKLE IN NO
TIME WITH SUDS
NEW RINSO

NEW RINSO IS USED BY MORE WOMEN
THAN ANY OTHER WASHING PRODUCT IN THE WORLD

The Romantic Young Lady

Continued from page 4

PILAR heard of the scheme, and put a stop to it by slipping out of the window of her room one night, when everyone was asleep, and going to live with her lover's parents.

After that no concealment was possible. The fat was in the fire, and the clubs along the Sierras buzzed with the scandal. Waiters were kept busy bringing trays of little glasses of Maizanilla to the members from the neighboring wine-shops. They gossiped and laughed over the scandal and Pilar's rejected suitors were the recipients of many congratulations. What an escape!

The duchess was in despair. She could think of nothing better to do than go to the Archbishop, her trusted friend and former confessor, and beg himself to reason with the infatuated girl.

Pilar was summoned to the episcopal palace, and the good old man, used to intervening in family quarrels, did his utmost to show her the folly of her course. But she would not be persuaded. Nothing that anyone could say would induce her to forsake the man she loved.

Pilar returned to her humble lodging and the duchess, in tears, was left alone with the Archbishop.

The Archbishop was no less astute than he was pious, and when he saw that the distracted woman was in a fit state to listen to him, advised her, as a last resource, to go to the Countess de Marbella.

With rage in her heart the duchess sent a message to the countess asking if she might see her, and that afternoon was ushered into her drawing-room.

The countess, of course, had been one of the first to hear the story, but she listened to the unhappy mother as though she had not known a thing about it. She relished the situation enormously. It was the crowning triumph to have the vindictive duchess on her knees before her.

But she was at heart a good-natured woman, and she had a sense of humor.

"It's a most unfortunate situation," she said. "And I'm sorry that one of my servants should be the occasion of it. But I don't exactly see what I can do."

"It is not for my own sake I'm asking you to help," said the duchess, "it's for Pilar's."

"You must let me think," the countess said.

"Of course," the duchess declared, "if he'd been a gentleman I could have sent for my son and he would have killed him, but the Duke of Dos Palos cannot fight a duel with the Countess de Marbella's coachman."

"I should deplore any method of settling the difficulty that deprived me of the services of an excellent coachman," murmured the countess.

"But if he marries my daughter he cannot continue to be your coachman," cried the duchess, indignantly.

"Are you going to give Pilar an income for them to live on?" the countess inquired.

"Me? Not a peseta. I told Pilar at once that she should get nothing from me. They can starve for all I care."

"Well, I should think rather than do that he will prefer to stay on as my coachman. There are very nice rooms over my stables."

The duchess went pale. The countess went red.

"Forget all that has passed between us. Let us be friends. You can't expose me to such a humiliation. If I've ever done things to affront you, I ask you on my knees to forgive me."

The duchess cried. "Dry your eyes, Duchess," the Frenchwoman said at last. "I will do what I can."

"Is there anything you can do?" "Perhaps," the countess said. "Is it true that Pilar has, and will have, no money of her own?"

"Not a penny, if she marries without my consent."

The countess gave one of her brightest smiles.

"There is a common impression that southern people are romantic, and northern people matter of fact. The reverse is true. It is the northerners who are incurably romantic. I have lived long enough among you Spaniards to know that you are nothing if not practical."

The duchess was too broken to resent openly these unpleasant remarks, but, oh, how she hated the woman! The Countess de Marbella rose to her feet.

"You shall hear from me in the course of the day."

She firmly dismissed her visitor.

The carriage was ordered for five o'clock, and, at ten minutes to, the countess, dressed for her drive, sent for Jose. When he came into the drawing-room, wearing his pale grey livery with such an air, she could not deny that he was very good to look upon.

If he had not been her own coachman—well, it was not the moment for ideas of that sort. He stood before her, holding himself easily, but with a gallant swagger. There was nothing servile in his bearing.

"I hear that you are going to marry the daughter of the Duchess of Dos Palos," said the countess.

"If the countess does not object."

"Whoever you marry is a matter of complete indifference to me. You know, of course, that Dona Pilar will have no fortune."

"Yes, madam. I have a good place and I can keep my wife. I love her."

"I can't blame you for that," said the countess. "She is a beautiful girl. But I think it only right to tell you that I have a rooted objection to married coachmen. On your wedding day you leave my service. That is all I had to say to you. You can go."

She began to look at the daily paper that had just arrived from Paris, but Jose, as she expected, did not stir. He stared down at the floor. Presently the countess looked up.

"What are you waiting for?"

"I never knew madam would send me away," he answered in a troubled tone.

"I have no doubt you'll find another place."

"Yes, but..."

"Well, what is it?" she asked sharply.

He sighed, miserably. "There's not a pair of mules in the whole of Spain to come up to ours. They're almost human beings. They understand every word I say to them."

The countess gave him a smile that would have turned the head of anyone who was not madly in love already.

"I'm afraid you must choose between me and your betrothed."

He shifted from one foot to the other. He put his hand to his pocket to get himself a cigarette, but then, remembering where he was, restrained the gesture.

He glanced at the countess, and that peculiar shrewd smile came over his face which those who have lived in Andalusia know so well.

"In that case, I can't hesitate. Pilar must see that this alters my position entirely. One can get a wife, any day of the week, but a place like this is found only once in a lifetime. I should be a fool to throw it up for a woman."

That was the end of the adventure. Jose Leoni continued to drive the Countess de Marbella, but she noticed when they sped up and down the Delicias that thenceforward as man's eyes were turned on her handsome coachman as on her latest hat, and a year later Pilar married the Marquess de San Esteban.

(Copyright)



"Mr. and Mrs. Higby and YOU KNOW WHO."



"Wow! Did you see that thing travel?"

It seems to me...

CYNICAL people notice that things like flying saucers always got into the news when other news is scarce, but I still like the recently published theory that flying saucers are space ships from another planet.

The man who advances this theory is Donald Keyhoe, former information chief of the Aeronautics Branch of the U.S. Commerce Department, a title which lends some weight and solemnity to his speculations.

He says there have been lots of them about for the past two years, and that they come from a planet where the civilisation is a couple of hundred years in advance of ours.

One tends, of course, to think of the inhabitants of another planet as similar to us. There is no reason—in fact, no earthly reason—why they should be. They may have sight which sees a great deal farther, or much more advanced telescopic aids to vision.

They may, in fact, be hovering right up there now, looking over your shoulder, and taking copious notes—though it would appear at present as if they spend most of their time over America.

It is fascinating to consider the reports of these interplanetary visitors. Probably, when they first took back accounts of life on this planet, they were received with some scepticism. They may even have been accused of seeing "stationary telescopes."

(The U.S. Air Force, which has been investigating flying saucers for two years, says the things are imaginary, the result of mass hysteria. Aren't they killjoys?)

THE other day I was riding in a taxi with several passengers when one woman aboard gave her directions as third house on the left, and became flustered when she discovered it was not on the left, but the right.

"Oh, that often happens," the driver said, as he deposited his confused passenger. "Especially women. A lot of women seem to have a lot of trouble in telling right from left."

"I suppose," he added generously, "it's because women don't go in for boxing."

THE heat in a pound of uranium equals that in 2000 tons of coal.

According to an American scientist it can now be produced as cheaply as coal. That is, 2000 tons of coal at £4 a ton would cost about the same as a pound of uranium.

We will eventually, I suppose, get in half a teaspoon of uranium for winter. What a nuisance, thought "It's a cold night, darling, where's the uranium?"

"Don't be silly, I distinctly saw you put it up behind the teacups on the kitchen dresser."

"Oh, I did not. I haven't seen it since you brought it home from town. Go and look in the pocket of your other coat."

"Really, sometimes I don't think we were any worse off when we argued about who'd go out into the cold backyard to get another scuttful of coal. Oh, here's the darn stuff. Really, dear, I wish you'd change the label on the pepper canister."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 14, 1950



Dorothy Drain

PROFESSOR Martin, of Melbourne University, says that brighter examination papers with shorter sentences and varied type would help ease the nerve strain on students.

He may be right, though I doubt if they were presented in four colors and illustrated by comic artists that it would mitigate the awful apprehension of that moment when the hush falls and the pens begin to scratch, while the clock ticks down on the silence.

If you wanted to modernise the whole approach to examinations you could go a lot further.

You could have a public address system through which an announcer could speak at intervals: "We are approaching half-time, kids. The fourth question's a curly one. Cheer up now." "Only quarter of an hour to go. Don't get panicky." "Five minutes more. For that depressed after-exam, feeling try Blank's Soothing Tonic."

Fearful thought, isn't it?

A FRIEND reports an odd quirk of human nature. She had two hydrangeas, a blue and a pink, given her on successive days.

The blue one was delivered to her office and the pink one to her home. In the office, every gardener who passed the door paused to tell her how to change the blue to pink.

At home, where she used the pink as an indoor decoration before planting it, not a caller failed to embark on a dissertation about the quickest way to change its color to blue.

It occurred to nobody that she might be happy to preserve the respective colors as they were.

She feels now that she must have a placid acceptance of things as they are which possibly denotes a phlegmatic and unprogressive character.

THERE'S a gadget advertised by a hardware store which strikes me as having a wider use than the manufacturers thought of.

It's a "Magnetic Tool Finder," and I gather from the illustration that instead of crawling down from a ladder or out from underneath the car, the user merely waves it at the spanner or whatever he wants.

It sounds like the kind of thing that no family should be without. Those angry shouts of "Who took away the hammer?" or "Which one of you kids has had my saw?" which inevitably follow any wifely request for a little carpentry could be avoided. A man, given one of these, could have tons of fun waving it under the lounge suite and round the garden shrubs.

Anyone who cares to develop the idea to find misplaced spectacles and bottle-openers could make a fortune.

"IT'S an ill wind," said the pigeons,
As around the park they pecked,
"When the citizens are stoney
And their finances are wrecked."
They eschew their cafe lunches,
Bring a sandwich, cheap, though stark;
It's an ill wind," smiled the pigeons,
As they pecked around the park.

Not a shadow of a doubt...



You're self-assured, secure . . . because you know the special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . keep your secret safe. To make the most of Kotex comfort, ask for the new Kotex all-elastic Belt; *Wonderform*, 2/6, or *Featherweight*, 1/3 . . . snug-fitting, non-binding.



WOMEN EVERYWHERE PREFER KOTEX

CS/238

4 THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT T.B.

1. You are not born with it — you catch it from someone else.
2. You can have early T.B. yet look and feel quite well.
3. Early T.B. if discovered may be cured.
4. A chest X-ray will discover early T.B.

Make certain of your chest

ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION OF N.S.W.
33 MACQUARIE PLACE, SYDNEY.

This space is donated by the courtesy of JANTZEN (AUST.) LIMITED

Edwards

shoes for boys and girls

The only children's shoes in Australia that are scientifically designed by foot specialists.



The perfect fitting last is straight along the inside, rounded at the toes. This allows the foot to grow naturally.



The shoe is cut high on the inside, low on the outside. This gives the ankle firm support.



An extra pair of eyelets is built into the instep to stop the foot sliding forward and using up growing room.

Every store that sells Edwards Shoes knows how to choose the shoe that fits your child's foot exactly. That perfectly-fitting Edwards shoe will allow for growth... and last TWICE as long as any ordinary shoe.

Edwards Shoes are approved by the American Medical Association... endorsed by the American Guild of Good Housekeeping... recommended by the American Parents and Citizens' Association.



EDWARDS BROGUE CAP GILLIE (Punched Toe Cap). A smart little shoe for schoolgirls. Black or tan. Fractional fittings, AA/E sizes 11-13, 2-3, 3½-6, 6½-10.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS:
J. GOLDBERG FOOTWEAR AGENCIES PTY. LTD.
105 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY.
320 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE.
KING HOUSE, QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE.
66 RUNDLE STREET, ADELAIDE.

Write to us for name of your nearest Edwards Store.



EDWARDS PLAIN DERBY. A neat, sturdy derby for the very young. In black or tan. Fractional fittings, C, D and E, sizes 5½-10½.



EDWARDS BROGUE CAP DERBY (Punched Toe Cap). Tough and sturdy for school wear. Black or tan. Fractional fittings, AA/E sizes 11-13, 2-3, 3½-6, 6½-10.



EDWARDS WALL TOE DERBY. Another long-wearing school shoe. Black or tan. Fractional fittings, AA/C sizes AA-5½ to 10 A-5½ to 10 B-4 to 9 C-4 to 8

She closed her eyes to the King's

Continued from page 18

Despite symptoms of tuberculosis,

Before Alexandrine was eight

When France entered the Seven Years' War the Ministry was composed entirely of dependents of Pompadour or nonentities who could be trusted not to oppose her will. She controlled the French Army almost completely, and replaced able generals by weak or unfit ones.

Louis appeared to receive the news of her death with indifference. When her funeral left the palace in rain, he remarked from his watching-point at a window: "The marchioness has a wet day for her journey."

TO HIDE
**SKIN
BLEMISHES**



ADD Mylady's
"Camouflage"
TO YOUR MAKE-UP
*An antiseptic cream
that*
**HEALS WHILE
IT CONCEALS**

Handbag
Size

1/6

Every-
where

ANACIN TABLETS
STOP PAIN FASTER

Read full story, in words and pictures, in
January A.M.
NOW ON SALE, at all newspapers and bookstalls. 1/-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY - January 14, 1950

BRINGING UP A MOVIE MOPPET



VISITING PARIS to see their grandparents—Gigi with brother Gerald (Peter Miles in Hollywood) and six-year-old Janine. Gigi and Gerald are both in "Roseanna McCoy," and Janine also appears in film.

Hollywood's newest million-dollar baby is Gigi Perreau, the little girl who promises to become America's best-loved child star during the next five years.

Five years from now, just about the time she graduates from grammar-school, Gigi Perreau will have accumulated her first million dollars.

THE child movie star will have done this without the help of a single drama coach and without knowing how to do a back bend or dance routine. Gigi has never committed a set recitation to memory, which makes her ace with the poor unfortunates in the Hollywood casting departments whose jobs require them to interview talented moppets and—what they contend is actually more arduous—listen to the children's mothers.

Normally, some 5000 such mothers and an equal number of child actors can be found hanging around the picture studios.

They can all pack up their grease paint and tap shoes and go back to kindergarten.

At eight years of age Gigi Perreau has the field sewn up for the next five years. The million bucks is hers.

Hollywood is convinced that there is room for only one really successful child star at a time. This principle can now be known as Gray's law. Its discovery helped push Gigi into the big time.

Ed Gray is Gigi's Hollywood agent. A proud father himself, Gray noted a few years ago that every decade or so the film-going audiences of the world centred all their love and affection on a single celluloid child.

First there was Jackie Coogan, then Jackie Cooper, and 15 years ago Shirley Temple hit the top.

Finally, just about the time Ed Gray began to lose sleep over the amazing social phenomenon he had discovered, it became obvious that Margaret O'Brien was pushing senility, which for a movie moppet is age twelve. That left the field wide open for exactly one new young performer.

"I had in mind," he says, "the nice kind of girl down the street you don't mind your daughter playing with."

As it happened, it was his daughter,

Sally Ann, playing in a friend's yard down the street, who came home with a nice little girl who was already an actress. Her name was Gigi Perreau and she was five.

When Gray saw her he was convinced he had found what he was looking for.

Gigi had made her acting debut in a high chair in 1943 at the age of two, in the motion picture "Madame Curie," playing the part of a Curie offspring. Margaret O'Brien filled the role of the child, Irene Curie.

Gray found his daughter's playmate had such movie savvy that she was able to talk authoritatively in terms of takes, dissolves, close-ups.

But what impressed him most about Gigi was that this little girl was absolutely unspoiled.

She wasn't cute. She didn't lip and turn on the charm knowledgeably. She wasn't even especially pretty.



"MILLION-DOLLAR BABY" Gigi is hailed as a "natural genius."

Gigi Perreau promises to be a million-dollar baby



GIGI PERREAU, Hollywood's newest child star, as Allie McCoy in the film "Roseanna McCoy," in which she plays the small sister role.

But she did have an odd, heart-shaped face and bright, responsive eyes. Everything about her reflected a secure, happy family.

In a matter of time, Gray had Gigi under contract to Sam Goldwyn. During a long and certainly varied career, the veteran producer had never had a moppet under contract until the day he saw six-year-old Gigi stealing scenes right out from under the experienced noses of Teresa Wright and David Niven in the movie "Enchantment."

The Perreaus are not typical movie parents. To begin with, only the accidents and fortunes of war brought them to Hollywood at all.

Perreau himself is a Frenchman who was checking his family's investments in Japan in 1937 when he met and married Eleanor Child, of Newport, Rhode Island, daughter of an American business man.

Perreau and his wife returned to France with their young son Gerald just in time for Perreau to see service with the French Army.

With the fall of France, Perreau fled the country, and was reunited with his family in Lisbon, where they sought desperately to reach the United States.

They finally made it in December, 1940, and a daughter, Ghislaine, was born two months later.

Since they had a lot of friends on the West Coast, they eventually headed for California.

At first Perreau had trouble landing a job because he knew little English. He found work as a waiter in a restaurant, and at another time he drove a truck.

Then one day Mrs. Perreau, with young Gerald in hand, went to visit a friend of the family, Jacques Brugnon, former French tennis star.

Brugnon was working as a reader in the Warner Brothers studio in Burbank. Waiting to see him, Mrs. Perreau and Gerald were spied by Lola Moore, a Hollywood agent who specialises in representing children. She liked Gerald's dark, sensitive looks.

"Have you thought of making that boy an actor?" Miss Moore asked Mrs. Perreau.

"Good heavens, no!" Mrs. Perreau replied. "What for?"

Miss Moore has since confessed she found this mother's response so unusual that she could not accept it at face value.

She explained to Mrs. Perreau that her son could earn enough in a year or two to provide for his college education later.

Appointments were made for Gerald to be interviewed by several producers. Mrs. Perreau passed them

all up. In a huff, Miss Moore herself called when Mrs. Perreau had broken her fifth appointment.

"She was so cross with me," Mrs. Perreau says, "that I promised meekly I would most certainly go the very next time her office called."

The next appointment started Gerald on his way as an actor. He is to-day known professionally as Peter Miles, and his big part to date has been that of the boy in "The Red Pony."

Because she had trouble getting baby sitters, Mrs. Perreau took to bringing her two-year-old daughter along with her to the studio whenever Gerald got a call to work.

It wasn't long before the infant was getting herself noticed.

At an age when most children still lisp and cannot make themselves understood except to their parents, Ghislaine—nicknamed, Gigi—could enunciate as clearly as a symphony programme announcer syllabifying "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

She had watched the performers,

But, called upon to chat with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, the stars of the picture, the chosen child froze up unaccountably.

Gigi saw her chance. She jumped into the breach with a butter-won't-melt-in-my-mouth expression.

"See my picture?" she said sweetly, extending a little photograph of herself.

She was so poised and lacking in timidity that director Le Roy decided to switch infants and give Gigi the part.

The role called for her to do little more than eat porridge in a high chair, but Gigi did it so convincingly that she stood out in the film.

No one, least of all the experts who have to work with them, can tell what factor will make one child a movie star and relegate another to a normal, happy life.

The element of chance is the only thing that keeps the aspirants' hearts thumping hopefully. Most of them, however, will be lucky to work six days in any year, at a scale ranging from £3 to £7 a day.

J. Harold Thomas, the City's Supervisor of Attendance and Work Permits, issues some 2700 permits a year and makes sure that the children don't work more than three hours a day and that they keep up their school averages.

At Gigi's current salary of 150 dollars (£117) a week, Ed Gray's conception of a million-dollar take for his little star during the next five years may seem a little hopeful.

Actually, what Gigi makes out of pictures will be just a portion of her total earnings.

Gray, studying the career of the grand old lady of all moppets, Shirley Temple, remains convinced that the million-dollar figure is modest.

Shirley herself rarely earned more than 150,000 dollars (£50,000) annually in the five years or so during which she was big money.

But her parents were also on the 20th Century-Fox pay roll, so much so that in 1938, for example, Shirley pulled down 114,848 dollars from her studio, but the family's gross income from the same source was 307,014 dollars. Shirley to-day is well into the millionaire class.

"But," says Gigi's agent, "we hope to realise over a million in the next five years, exclusive of what Goldwyn pays her, on tie-ups alone."

Soon she will be getting royalties for sponsoring hats, gloves, shoes, underwear, breakfast foods, etc.

By
DAVID CHANDLER

and had decided that she would like to act, too.

All it seemed to involve, she recalls to-day at the age of eight, is walking around with your chin stuck in the air and taking directions from a man who sits in a camp chair.

One day, when her brother Gerald was at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot with a number of other boys and girls for an interview, Gigi found herself tagging after a brace of five-year-old girls.

At length the casting director arrived. When he saw Gigi he said, "What's that baby doing here?" Gigi stuck her chin high in the air and waited for him to approach her before she spoke to him. "Who are you?" he continued testily.

"I'm Gigi Perreau," she said in perfectly understandable, pear-shaped tones. She waved her head proudly at the would-be actresses around her. "And I can do anything they can do. I'm a real good actress."

Sent over to see Mervyn Le Roy, who was assigned to direct "Madame Curie," Gigi found herself passed up in favor of a moppet, who, Le Roy thought, looked somewhat more like the original Curie baby.

Best-known family in the Northern Territory



HUSBAND AND WIFE, Albert and Rubina Namatjira. Rubina is a member of the Luritja tribe, and Albert, noted painter, is an Aranda, often called Arunta.



SONS PAINT, TOO. Here Albert and three of his sons, Oscar, Ewald, and Enos, have painting session on the bank of the Finke River, near Hermannsburg.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 14, 1950



NAMATJIRA FAMILY, except daughter Martha, who is ill. From left: Albert, Rubina, Maisie and Rosabelle, Enos, Ewald, Oscar; in front, Keith, Maurice.

Page 27



THANK YOU
DOCTOR

Ford Pills made me a new woman. It's great to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.



THANK YOU
DOCTOR

I have taken Ford Pills while feeding each of my three children. I think they are just right for Nursing Mothers. They're so gentle and dependable.



THANK YOU
DOCTOR

I was about on the edge of a nervous breakdown, but since I started on Ford Pills I feel as fit as a fiddle—never felt better in my life.



THANK YOU
DOCTOR

I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired.

For Indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and Headaches, Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all your family.

In plastic tubes,
2/6 Everywhere

FORD PILLS

Crooked House

Continued from page 5

"But don't you see?" He leaned forward eagerly. "I couldn't face him with the truth. It would have looked, you see, as if I was asking for money. As though I wanted him to set me on my feet again. He—he was very fond of me. He would have wanted to help. But I couldn't—I couldn't go on—it would have meant making a mess of things all over again."

He swallowed convulsively.

"I'm no good. I haven't the ability. I'm not the man my father was. I've always known it. I've tried. But it's no good. I've been so miserable. You don't know how miserable I've been! Trying to get out of the muddle, hoping I'd just get square, hoping the dear old man would never need to hear about it." His voice ran out and on.

"Then it came—no more hope of avoiding the crash. Clemency—my wife—she understood, she agreed with me. We thought out this plan. Say nothing to anyone. Go away. And then let the storm break. I'd leave a letter for my father telling him about it—telling him how ashamed I was, and begging him to forgive me."

"He's been so good to me always—you don't know. But it would be too late then for him to do anything. That's what I wanted. Not to ask him—or even seem to ask him for help. Start again on my own somewhere. Live simply and humbly. Just have the bare necessities of life—hard for Clemency, but she swore she didn't mind. She's wonderful—absolutely wonderful."

"I see." My father's voice was dry. "And what made you change your mind?"

"Change my mind?"

"Yes. What made you decide to go to your father and ask for financial help after all?"

Roger stared at him. "But I didn't."

"Come now, Mr. Leonides."

"You've got it all wrong. I didn't go to him. He sent for me. He'd heard, somehow, in the city. A rumor, I suppose. But he always knew things. Someone had told him. He tackled me with it. Then, of course, I broke down. . . . I told him everything. I said it wasn't so much the money—it was the feeling I'd let him down."

Again he swallowed convulsively.

"The dear old man!" he said. "You can't imagine how good he was to me. No reproaches. Just kindness. I told him I didn't want help, that I preferred not to have it—that I'd rather go away as I'd planned to do. But he wouldn't listen. He insisted on coming to the rescue—on putting Associated Catering on its legs again."

Taverner said sharply: "You are asking us to believe that your father intended to come to your assistance financially?"

"Certainly he did. He wrote to his brokers then and there, giving them instructions."

I suppose he saw the incredulity on the two men's faces. He flushed.

"Look here," he said, "I've still got the letter. I was to post it. But, of course, later—with the shock and confusion, I forgot. I've probably got it in my pocket now."

He drew out his wallet and started hunting through it. Finally he found what he wanted. It was a creased envelope with a stamp on it. It was addressed to Messrs. Greatorex and Hanbury.

"Read it for yourselves," he said, "if you don't believe me."

My father tore open the letter. Taverner went round behind him. I did not see the letter then, but I saw it later. It instructed Messrs. Greatorex and Hanbury to realise certain investments and asked for a member of the firm to be sent down the following day, to take certain instructions re the affairs of Associated Catering.

"Mr. Leonides gave you this letter and then you left him," Taverner said. "What did you do next?"

"I rushed back to my own part of the house. My wife had just come in. I told her what my father had proposed to do. How wonderful he'd been! I—really, I hardly knew what I was doing."

"And your father was taken ill—how long after that?"

"Let me see—half an hour, perhaps, or an hour. Brenda came rushing in. She was frightened."



THERE WAS a little pause, then my father asked, "What's the position as regards the will?—Who actually gets old Leonides' money?" Taverner sighed.

"You know what lawyers are. Can't get a straight answer out of them. There's a former will. Made when he married the second Mrs. Leonides. That leaves the same sum to her, rather less to Miss de Havilland, and the remainder between Philip and Roger. I should have thought that if this will isn't signed, then the old one would operate, but it seems it isn't so simple as that."

"First, the making of the new will revoked the former one, and there are witnesses to the signing of it, and the testator's intention." It seems to be a toss up if it turns out that he died intestate. Then the widow apparently gets the lot—or a life interest, at any rate."

"So if the will's disappeared, Brenda Leonides is the most likely person to profit by it?"

"Yes. If there's been any hocus-pocus, it seems probable that she's at the bottom of it. And there obviously has been hocus-pocus, but I'm dashed if I see how it was done."

I didn't see, either. I suppose we were really incredibly stupid. But we were looking at it, of course, from the wrong angle.

There was a short silence after Taverner had gone out. Then I said: "Dad, what are murderers like?"

The Old Man looked up at me thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said. "That's important now—very important, for you. . . . Murder's come close to you. You can't go on looking at it from the outside." He traced a little circle with his finger on the desk-top.

"What are murderers like? Some of them"—a faint, rather melancholy smile showed on his face—"have been thoroughly nice chaps."

I think I looked a little startled.

"Oh, yes, they have," he said. "Nice ordinary fellows like you and me—or like the chap who went out just now—Roger Leonides. One feels that they have been overtaken, as it were, by murder, almost accidentally. They've been in a tight place, or they've wanted something very badly, money or a woman—and they've killed to get it. The brake that operates with most of us doesn't operate with them."

"Do you think," I asked, "that if someone hated old Leonides, had hated him, say, for a very long time, that that would be a reason?"

"Pure hate? Very unlikely, I should say. I think people more often kill those they love than those they hate. Possibly because only the people you love can really make life unendurable to you." He frowned.

"But all this doesn't help you much, does it?" he went on. "What you want, if I read you correctly, is some token, some universal sign that will help you to pick out a murderer from a household of apparently normal and pleasant people?"

"Yes, that's it."

Please turn to page 31



White Shoes
Stay Smart
with
Shu-Milk

It cleans as it whitens
and won't rub off. . . .
AT ALL STORES

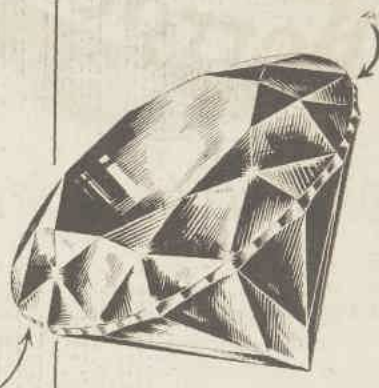


PROUD'S, and Proud's only, BRINGS YOU THE EXTRA
BRILLIANCE OF THE NEW "Multi-cut" DIAMONDS
MOUNTED IN 1950 RING DESIGNS

Multi-cut

Proud's registration applied for.

NO lovelier diamond can be yours than a Proud's "Multi-cut," no more complete scale of prices and exciting engagement designs to choose from. New diamond-cutting techniques give extra brilliance to these stones, reflecting sparkling diamond light from the highly-polished edges as well as all main facets. See "Multi-cut" on Proud's Ground Floor, or write if you're far from Sydney.



FILIGREE MULTI-CUT
M8. Filigree mount, delicately engraved to enhance the diamond. Stone is claw-set; each shoulder has small diamonds. £42/10/-



SCROLL MULTI-CUT
M1. Coronet-set diamond, scroll engraved shoulders with single stone in each. 18ct. gold and platinum. £52/10/-



CORONET MULTI-CUT
M10. Setting lets maximum light enter mount, gives added brilliance to diamond. Style illustrated has six small diamonds. £55



CROWN MOTIF
M3. Lovely coronet setting with crown motif repeated on shoulders with two stones on each. "Multi-cut" centre stone. £80



CLAW CORONET
M11. Variation of coronet setting combining open design with claw mounting for stone. Bow shoulders each set with three small diamonds. "Multi-cut". £40



STEPPED MULTI-CUT
M4. Twentieth century model with coronet-set stone and stepped shoulders each with three matched diamonds. £75



LARGE SOLITAIRE
M11. Extra large "Multi-cut" is held by four claws. Two smaller stones are set in engraved shoulders. A fashionable solitaire. £110



CORONET MULTI-CUT
M2. Diamond engagement ring, coronet setting, open shoulders with one stone in each. "Multi-cut" centre stone. Priced at £37/10/-



PILLAR-SET MULTI-CUT
M12. Popular with the bride-to-be is the pillar-setting. This design has large centre diamond. Stone on each shoulder. £38/10/-



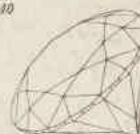
TWIN CORONET
M14. A modern version of the twin-coronet ring with three diamonds on each shoulder. Model illustrated has "Multi-cut". £65



FIVE MULTI-CUTS
M5. Focal point of this all-platinum ring is the large "Multi-cut" diamond. Each bevelled shoulder has two small diamonds. £210



MODERN CORONET
M9. Simplicity is the keynote of this coronet setting. Open tiered, three diamonds each shoulder. "Multi-cut" centre. £85



NEW CUTTING TECHNIQUE HAS
MADE DIAMOND HISTORY
FOR PROUD'S

Famous for half a century for quality and value in fine jewellery, Proud's made diamond history for Australia's sweethearts by this sensational new step in the tradition of engagement diamonds. The edge of the stone, as well as all main facets, is cut and polished to a series of scintillating windows which gather and reflect intense light and permit setting with reduced danger of chipping the edges. By special arrangement with overseas cutters Proud's is receiving further supplies of "Multi-cut" stones and designing exclusive ring settings to display them to perfection.



Prouds

A GREAT NAME IN DIAMONDS

If you are unable to inspect these rings at Proud's, we shall be pleased to assist your choice by sending a selection. Your satisfaction is the aim of this specialised Proud's service. Please address such requests to the Mail Order Manager, Proud's Limited, Box 1502, G.P.O., Sydney.



Multi-cut diamonds are only at Proud's Limited, Corner of King and Pitt Streets, Sydney. BW2721.



the Greatest Name in Cotton

For over 150 years the name of Horrockses has stood for quality. All over the world their fabrics have brought prestige to that illustrious name . . . which is much . . . and goodwill to their country of origin . . . which is more,

Sheets, Pillowcases, Towels, Dress Goods, Furnishings, Flannelettes, Wincettes, Shirtings, etc.

Makers of "TYMELIN" the all purpose fabric suitable for schools and uniforms.



Replace those natural oils which sun, wind and water dry from your scalp . . .

Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry, dull and brittle. If you don't watch out! Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp oils and guards against dry scalp and lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed, attractive and protected all day. Give your hair the special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK

Double care — both Scalp and Hair

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Canada.



HTI

THAT BUBBLE-GUM FURPHY

The story that bubble-gum caused Melbourne's outbreak of infantile paralysis is fantastic. But so are dozens of other stories which have gained considerable support. An article by Kim Keane in January A.M. reveals the great harm that has been done by the spread of such fantastic rumors. Read it. You'll feel very well repaid. **JANUARY A.M. NOW ON SALE.** At all newsagents and bookstalls.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Arrived at the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by
KARA and KARON: Who are twin sister and brother. The twins fall in love with Mandrake and Narda.

Under the country's law, if one wed, the other must go into exile, so each plans to marry first. While Mandrake sleeps, his bed opens and he tumbles down into a huge oven. Karon orders a fire to be lit.
NOW READ ON:



IN THE PALACE, NARDA RUSHES TO PRINCESS KARA. "SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO MANDRAKE, HE'S NOT IN HIS ROOM, AND LOTHAR SAYS HE DIDN'T LEAVE BY THE DOOR," SHE CRIES.



"YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT," SAYS PRINCE KARON, ENTERING THE ROOM. "SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO MANDRAKE. HE'S DEAD! KARA, YOU'VE LOST. PREPARE TO GIVE UP THE THRONE AND GO INTO EXILE. FOR I AM GOING TO MARRY NARDA TONIGHT!"



THUS, NARDA IS PREPARED FOR THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY—HELPLESS TO RESIST...



AND INSIDE THE OVEN, THE HEAT IS ON! FRANTICALLY, MANDRAKE TRIES TO FORCE THE DOOR, BUT IT IS SECURELY LOCKED ON THE OUTSIDE!



IN THE PALACE BASEMENT, WHERE MANDRAKE IS TRAPPED IN A BLAZING OVEN, SAGGO, THE COURT WIZARD, SNEAKS PAST THE SLEEPING GUARD.



IN THE PALACE, KARA FACES KARON, HER BROTHER. "YOU WIN, I'M GIVING UP MY SHARE OF THE THRONE, AND GOING INTO EXILE. BUT SAVE MANDRAKE—I KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT REALLY CRUEL, KARON."



KARON AGREES TO HIS SISTER'S PLEA. THEY RUSH TO THE OVEN. IT IS EMPTY! "BUT I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE WHILE," SAYS THE BEWILDERED GUARD. "KARON! HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING TO MANDRAKE?" CRIES KARA.



"I SAVED YOU," SAYS SAGGO, THE COURT WIZARD. "BECAUSE I AM IN DISFAVOR WITH THE PRINCE. SHOW ME YOUR MAGIC, AND I'LL SHOW YOU A GREAT SECRET," ADDS SAGGO, HANDING MANDRAKE AN OLD PARCHMENT SCROLL.



TO BE CONTINUED

AFTER a little thoughtful silence, my father said, "You know, if there is a common denominator among murderers, I should say it is vanity."

"Vanity?" I echoed.

"Yes, I've never met a murderer who wasn't vain . . . It's their vanity that leads to their undoing, nine times out of ten. They may be frightened of being caught, but they can't help strutting and boasting and usually they're sure they've been far too clever to be caught."

He added: "And here's another thing, a murderer wants to talk."

"To talk?"

"Yes. You see, having committed a murder puts you in a position of great loneliness. You'd like to tell somebody all about it, and you never can. And that makes you want to tell the more. So, if you can't talk about how you did it, you can at least talk about the murder itself—advance theories, go over it."

I nodded. "Yes, I see."

"If I were you, Charles, I should look out for that. Go down there again, mix with them all, and get them to talk. Of course, it won't be plain sailing. Guilty or innocent, they'll be glad of the chance to talk to a stranger, because they can say things to you that they couldn't say to one another. But it's possible that you might spot a difference."

I told him then what Sophia had said about the ruthlessness in the family—the different kinds of ruthlessness. He was interested.

"Yes," he said, "your young woman has something there. Most families have a defect, a chink in their armor. Most people can deal with one weakness, but they mightn't be able to deal with two weaknesses of a different kind."

His face was thoughtful.

"Interesting thing, heredity," he went on. "Take the de Havilland ruthlessness. The de Havillands are all right because they're not unscrupulous, and the Leonides are all right because, though unscrupulous, they are kindly. But get a descendant who inherited both of those traits—see what I mean?"

I had not thought of it quite in those terms.

"But I shouldn't worry your head about heredity," my father said. "It's much too tricky and complicated a subject. No, my boy, go down there and let them talk to you."

He added as I went out of the room: "And be careful of the child."

"Josephine? You mean don't let on to her what I'm up to?"

"No, I didn't mean that. I meant, look after her. We don't want anything to happen to her."

I stared at him.

"Come, come, Charles. There's a cold-blooded killer somewhere in that household. Josephine appears to know most of what goes on."

"She certainly knew all about Roger, even if she did leap to the conclusion that he was a swindler. Her account of what she overheard seems to have been quite accurate."

I added, "Incidentally, she likes talking about it."

"Yes," my father said. "Showing off. That's what you want. Don't go asking her questions. Pretend you think she doesn't know anything. That'll fetch her."

He added: "But take care of her. She may know a little too much for somebody's safety."

I went down to the Crooked House (as I called it in my own mind) with a slightly guilty feeling. Though I had repeated to Taverner Josephine's confidences about Roger, I had said nothing about her statement that Brenda and Laurence wrote love letters to each other.

I excused myself by pretending that it was mere romancing, and that there was no reason to believe that it was true. But actually I had felt a strange pang of reluctance to pile on additional evidence against Brenda Leonides. I had been affected by the pathos of her position in the house—surrounded by a hostile family united solidly against her. If such letters existed, doubtless

Crooked House

Continued from page 28

Taverner and his myrmidons would find them. I disliked to be the means of bringing fresh suspicion on a woman in a difficult position. Moreover, she had assured me solemnly that there was nothing of that kind between her and Laurence, and I felt more inclined to believe her than that malicious guano, Josephine. Had not Brenda said herself that Josephine was "not all there"?

I stifled an uneasy certainty that Josephine was very much all there. I remembered the intelligence of her beady black eyes.

I had rung up Sophia and asked if I might come down again.

"Please do, Charles."

"How are things going?"

"I don't know. All right. They keep on searching the house. What are they looking for?"

"I've no idea."

"We're all getting very nervous. Come as soon as you can. I shall go crazy if I can't talk to someone."

There was no one in sight as I drove up to the front door. I paid the taxi and it drove away. The front door was open.

As I stood there, hesitating, I heard a slight sound behind me. I turned my head sharply. Josephine, her face partly obscured by a very large apple, was standing in the opening of the hedge looking at me. As I turned my head, she turned away.

"Hallo, Josephine."

She did not answer, but disappeared behind the hedge. I crossed the drive and followed her. She was seated at the edge of the gold-fish pond, hazing into her apple. Above its rosy circumference her eyes regarded me sombrely and with what I could not but feel was hostility.

"I've come down again, Josephine," I said.

It was a feeble opening, but I found Josephine's silence and her unblinking gaze rather unnerving.

With excellent strategic sense, she still did not reply.

"Is that a good apple?" I asked.

This time Josephine did condescend to reply. Her reply consisted of one word: "Woolly."

"A pity," I said. "I don't like woolly apples."

Josephine replied scornfully: "Nobody does."

"Why wouldn't you speak to me when I said hallo?"

"I didn't want to."

"Why not?"

Josephine removed the apple from her face to assist in the clearness of her denunciation.

"You went and sneaked to the police," she said.

"Oh! I was rather taken aback."

"You mean—about—"

"About Uncle Roger."

"But it's all right, Josephine. I assured her. 'Quite all right. They know he didn't do anything wrong—I mean, he hadn't embezzled any money or anything of that kind.'"

Josephine threw me an exasperated glance. "How stupid you are."

"I'm sorry."

"I wasn't worrying about Uncle Roger. It's simply that that's not the way to do detective work. Don't you know that you never tell the police until the very end?"

"Oh, I see," I said. "I'm sorry, Josephine. I'm really very sorry."

"So you should be." She added reproachfully: "I trusted you."

I said I was sorry for the third time. Josephine appeared a little mollified. She took another couple of bites of apple.

"But the police would have been bound to find out about all this," I said. "You—I—we couldn't have kept it a secret."

"You mean because he's going bankrupt?"

As usual, Josephine was well informed.

"I suppose it will come to that."

"They're going to talk about it tonight," said Josephine. "Father and mother and Uncle Roger and Aunt Edith. Aunt Edith would give him her money—only she hasn't got it yet—but I don't think father will. He says if Roger has got in a jam he's only got himself to blame, and what's the good of throwing good money after bad, and mother won't hear of giving any, because she wants father to put up the money for Edith Thompson."

She went off at a tangent. "Do you know about Edith Thompson? She was married, but she didn't like her husband. She was in love with a young man called Bywaters, who came off a ship, and he went down a different street after the theatre and stabbed him in the back."

I marvelled once more at the range and completeness of Josephine's knowledge; and also at the dramatic sense which, only slightly obscured by hazy pronouns, had presented all the salient facts in a nutshell.

"It sounds all right," said Josephine, "but I don't suppose the play will be like that at all. It will be like Jezabel again." She sighed. "I wish I knew why the dogs wouldn't eat the palms of her hands."

"Josephine," I said quietly, "didn't you tell me that you were almost sure who the murderer was?"

"Well?"

"Who is it?"

She gave me a look of scorn.

"I see," I said. "Not till the last chapter? Not even if I promise not to tell Inspector Taverner?"

"I want just a few more clues," said Josephine.

"Anyway," she added, throwing the core of the apple into the gold-fish pool, "I wouldn't tell you. If you're anyone, you're Watson."

I stomachached this insult.

"O.K.," I said, "I'm Watson. But even Watson was given the data."

"The what?"

"The facts. And then he made the wrong deductions from them. Wouldn't it be fun for you to see me making the wrong deductions?"

For a moment Josephine was tempted. Then she shook her head.

"No," she said, and added: "Anyway, I'm not very keen on Sherlock Holmes. It's awfully old-fashioned."

"What about those letters?"

"What letters?"

"The letters you said Laurence and Brenda wrote to each other."

"I made that up," said Josephine.

"I don't believe you."

"Yes, I did. I often make things up. It amuses me."

"Look here, Josephine," I said. "I know a man at the British Museum who knows a lot about the Bible. If I find out from him why the dogs didn't eat the palms of Jezabel's hands, will you tell me about those letters?"

This time Josephine really hesitated. Somewhere, not far away, a twig snapped with a sharp cracking noise.

Josephine said flatly: "No, I won't."

I accepted defeat. Rather late I remembered my father's advice.

"Oh, well," I said, "it's only a game. Of course, you don't really know anything."

Josephine's eyes snapped, but she resisted the bait.

"I must go in now," I said, "and find Sophia. Come along."

"I shall stop here," said Josephine.

"No, you won't," I said. "You're coming in with me."

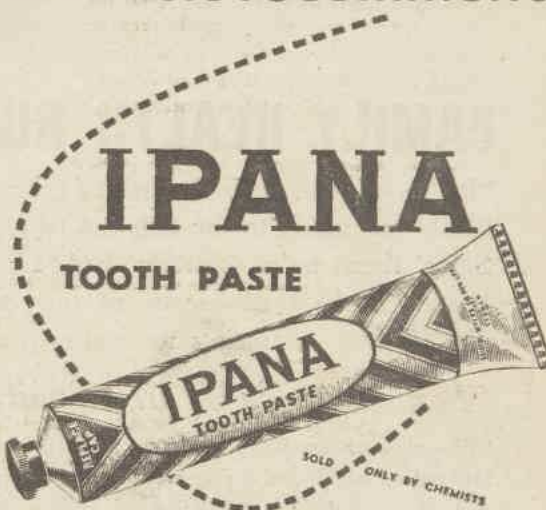
Unceremoniously I yanked her to her feet. She seemed surprised and inclined to protest, but yielded with a fairly good grace—partly, no doubt, because she wished to observe the reactions of the household to my presence.

Why I was so anxious for her to accompany me I could not at that moment have said. It only came to me a little later. It was because of the sudden snapping of a twig.

To be continued

8
out of
10

Dentists recommend



According to an Australian wide survey conducted by an independent Research Organisation more than 8 out of 10 Dentists recommend IPANA in preference to any other Tooth Paste.

8/17-47



WOMEN RULE THE WAVES

Owners of "Himalaya," the new £4,375,000 luxury liner, hope to make a profit on their investment simply by catering for milady.

Women make up more than 60 per cent of any passenger list, and often decide which ship the 40 per cent of men will travel in.

So women designed most of the interior furnishings and all the shipboard social amenities for children.

Read all about it in the special article by Archie Macdonald, published in A.M. January issue.

A. M.

NOW ON SALE At all Newsagents and Book-stalls, 1/-.



ELDERLY

BUT NEVER ILL

HERE'S WHY!
 ★ This couple are regular Kruschen users—have been adding the "little daily dose" of Kruschen to their early morning tea for most years of their married life. This small amount of Kruschen (about enough to cover a sixpence) is tasteless in your tea or coffee, yet is enough to stimulate the liver and kidneys and it helps them keep the system free of health-impairing poisonous wastes.

FAMILY HEALTH RULE KEEPS RHEUMATISM AT BAY

"It's more years than we care to remember since an old friend of my husband's family put us on to the habit of taking the small daily dose of Kruschen Salts. Since then we've scarcely had a day's illness—certainly nothing serious. When we hear of friends of our own age suffering with rheumatism and old people's complaints we realise just how much we owe to Kruschen Salts.

"I can assure you we are a family of confirmed 'Kruschen regulars'.

"We only have one daughter who we started off on our daily health rule about the time she came of age. Her radiant health and energy are the envy of her friends. She's to be married shortly, and I feel sure that that will be the beginning of another household of 'Kruschen regulars' just like ours."



***Cleanse your system thoroughly with Kruschen Salts
 and rid yourself of undermining poisonous waste matter***

The world's best health assurance is to *always* place paramount importance on internal cleanliness. A body that's thoroughly clean inside has the best chance of keeping healthy.

Keeping the system cleansed of harmful poisonous wastes is the function of the liver and kidneys. When these organs lose their efficiency, poisonous wastes are retained in the system and we feel dull, listless, irritable. These are the usual first signs. If the condition is not immediately corrected, these poisonous wastes can seep into the bloodstream and may give rise to numerous painful ailments, particularly in the case of older people.

Kruschen Salts is a skilful combination of six highly purified natural salts. Their effect is to stimulate the liver and flush the kidneys clean whilst toning up the system generally. These tonic effects enable the system to free itself of poisonous wastes—and a system thus free means a pure and healthy bloodstream.

This eliminates possible causes of . . .

SEVERE MUSCULAR PAINS AND ACHING JOINTS OF RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, ETC.

If you are a sufferer you need the medicinal dose of one teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts taken in a tumbler of hot water each morning. This will cleanse your system, your health will improve and you'll feel much better.



KRUSCHEN SALTS

1/6 and 2/9 at
 Chemists and Stores

The Tonic Effect of KRUSCHEN Keeps Millions of People Fit!

ROGER

offered to see Sylvia home, while Simon raised no objections nor made the vaguest attempt to challenge his right to do so.

On Monday morning Simon was full of apologies. "What a ghastly evening," he groaned.

"I enjoyed it," Sylvia said firmly. "You needn't be polite. How some people do waste their time!"

"You've got a lot to learn," she answered cryptically.

"I'd much rather have gone to the film," Simon persevered. "What about Wednesday night?"

"I can't," Sylvia said sweetly. "I'm going out with Roger."

"With Roger?" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes. He's taking me out dancing," Sylvia explained complacently.

"But you hate dancing." There was an edge of irritation to his voice.

"No, I don't," Sylvia exclaimed.

"What's come over you?" he asked shortly.

This was one question she couldn't answer—she didn't really know. From a high-minded intellectual she'd become a frivolous, pleasure-loving girl.

She wished Simon would stand up straighter and wear smarter suits and choose more fascinating ties. He must pull himself together if he was going into competition with Roger, and the very nearly told him so, but she didn't want him to think she was sufficiently interested. Besides, she couldn't rid herself of the idea that he was making fun of her.

Simon accepted his dismissal mildly.

Wednesday night was a great success. Sylvia wore a frock which Cecily had conveniently left behind, and meeked out of the office early

to go to the hairdresser's—something she'd never done before.

It was years since she had danced. Simon was right—she always pretended she didn't care for it. But, circling in Roger's arms, she decided she'd missed a great deal of fun.

Roger held her hand going home, and she liked it. They arranged to go out again on Saturday night.

On Saturday morning Simon came into her office. He'd given her a wide berth all the week. "Lunching with me?" he asked casually.

"Sorry, Simon. I can't," Sylvia said. She'd be too busy preparing for the evening.

"Roger again?"

She nodded.

"Lucky chap," he said cryptically.

The next fortnight passed swiftly. Sylvia saw Roger almost every night. She was glad her boss was away; she was neglecting her work—but didn't care.

Simon treated her with his usual affability, but they no longer seemed to be friends. He asked no questions. Then, one morning, he bounded into her office and flung a sheaf of papers on to her desk. His expression was dark. Clearly he was holding himself in check.

"You've signed these and passed them for classification," he said sharply.

Sylvia looked up at him indifferently and said, "That's right."

"Haven't you been reading your correspondence?" he thundered. "The whole case has been reopened. They have to be revised. We ought to cable New York for instructions."

Her brows drew together in a tight frown. Suddenly her professional

Transformation Scene

Continued from page 7

probity came to life. "Leave them there," she said crisply. "I'll go over them at once and send a cable if I think it necessary."

She was afraid to ask him to go over them with her—which was obviously what he expected—in case he discovered how slack she had been. She didn't want him to find out. She was ashamed of herself.

Then, thoroughly disgruntled, she settled down to work and became so absorbed that she forgot the time, and when she met Roger she was half an hour late.

On the way home Roger kissed her—and this seemed the answer to everything. She'd only been half alive before, absorbed in her high-brow pleasures. She wanted to laugh at herself—this was much more satisfactory. She told herself firmly that she was in love with Roger. She was sure he was going to propose to her and she stifled all arguments against accepting him.

There might be a few inconveniences—his jokes did pall after a time—but Cecily had always warned her that you couldn't expect perfection in marriage. Roger shortly expected a shore job and she would lead a very gay life.

She wondered how Simon was spending his evening... and had a smacking feeling that he was still in the office, checking over her work, anxious to save her the ignominy of making mistakes.

Roger asked her to drive into the country on Saturday. She went to Deirdre's in the morning and bought herself a new hat. They lunched at a pleasant little inn.

"I'd hoped to meet some nice girl when I came on leave," Roger said jovially, as Sylvia poured their coffee at the end of the meal. "But I never expected to have such luck as this."

Sylvia smiled encouragingly.

"Nobody need tell me in future that intelligent girls aren't fun," he continued. "I'll be able to knock that idea on the head. I shall miss you," he said regretfully. "You've taught me a lot."

Sylvia looked at him doubtfully. "Are you going away?" she asked. Something peculiar happened in her throat.

"GAILY, Roger said, 'Leave can't last for ever. I've only one week left and I've promised to spend it with my sister. But I'll be back next week-end and we'll hit the town a final crack.'"

The smug, complacent ass Sylvia looked at his smiling face, hardly daring to trust herself with speech. He'd simply wanted a girl to have leave-time fun with—and she'd taken him seriously. Fortunately, she didn't love him. She realised this in a flash.

"I'm going away next week-end," she managed to say.

Nothing Roger could say induced her to change her mind, and at six o'clock she was back in her flat.

She worked all day Sunday, finding it rather a relief, and was bright and early in the office on Monday morning.

Simon was already in the office—he wore a new grey suit, an elegant tie, his hair was clipped to a turn. He looked alert and self-possessed.

Sylvia goggled at him speechlessly as he opened her door and said blandly, "What's good for the goose is good for the gander."

"Well, you're mistaken if you think I'm going to tell you that you

look nice," she snapped back, recovering her voice. "You didn't tell me."

All her good resolutions to return to her old way of living were undermined. Part of her plan had been to make it up with Simon on the old terms.

The day seemed never-ending. Late in the afternoon Simon drifted into her office and sat on the edge of the desk to gossip.

"The boss will find changes here," he remarked conversationally.

"Perhaps he'll return wearing a phosphorescent mermaid tie," Sylvia retorted.

Simon laughed. "Can you imagine it?"

"I've given up trying to imagine anything," she lied.

"That's silly. You miss half the fun in life. Roger gone?"

"Yes."

"Then nothing prevents you from coming out with me now?" he went on, smiling at her innocently.

Sylvia wanted to refuse in icy tones. She felt thoroughly indignant—and relieved at the same time. What had become of her usual poise? She realised there was about as much hope of returning to her previous detached state as of taking a trip to the moon. She was hopelessly involved—but she still tried to sound cool and completely dignified.

"I've some work to finish," she said calmly. "I'll meet you later—over the way."

"Not that fly-blown teashop," Simon cried, alarmed. "I want to take you out properly—in town, where we can dance."

"But you don't dance," she answered, bewildered.

He chuckled. "That's what you say. You've never given me a chance. I won a prize for Sir Roger de Coverley when I was a boy. Girls queued up to dance with me when I came from university. You said dancing was silly, a waste of good talking time. I liked talking to you, so I agreed. But don't blame me."

Taking advantage of her confusion Simon caught hold of her hands. He held them very tightly and looked into her eyes.

QUIETLY Simon said: "Shall we stop all this nonsense? You know I love you. I've been in agony. Of course, I wasn't really worried about Roger. I knew you wouldn't take him seriously—but I wondered who else you might run across before I was ready. I thought you always knew how I felt—but you changed so suddenly, I was scared. You looked so lovely, I decided I'd better give you your head."

He added reflectively, "I suppose I ought to be grateful to Roger for keeping you occupied while I tidied myself up. Do I suit?"

"Oh, Simon," she exclaimed, "you look just like a June bride. I have missed our talks and jokes so much. To think I was ready to throw you over because of a new coat. That's what did it," she confessed.

"About time something did," he retorted. "You wanted shaking up. I was often tempted to experiment, but I'd got so slack myself. Once they couldn't stop me buying socks and ties, but you were such a blue-stocking that you didn't notice them. You killed my dress sense."

"You mean it was my fault you looked—?" Sylvia gasped, dumb-founded.

"Such a scarecrow?" He laughed. "Of course. I certainly fell in love with your mind—there was no other incentive. I've never seen such frightful clothes."

"That's what Cecily told me," she said humbly. "Perhaps I'd better send her a cable and tell her the coat she left has done the trick."

"I'll send it," he said firmly. "Sound more authentic from me."

"Sylvia a raging beauty," he wrote. "Breaking all hearts. Regular show-piece. Thanks coat." He glanced over his shoulder. "Shall I say we're going to be married?" he asked.

"Yes. We'd better get married soon. We must be calm and sensible when the boss gets back," Sylvia said. "And tell Cecily that over her going-away suit the bride will wear a magnificent beaver coat."

"A blessing on all beavers," he murmured, as his mouth came down on hers.

(Copyright)

The Brazen Widow

Continued from page 9

It wasn't until he and Sybil and Lewis were at home again that he suddenly remembered an odd and inexplicable fact.

"By the way," he asked casually, "where was Mr. Redmond this evening?"

Sybil looked up swiftly, her blue eyes wide, but it was Lewis who answered quietly, "Bob Redmond was killed in India five years ago. A fine fellow."

Christopher swallowed air. "But Mrs. Redmond spoke as though—"

"She always does," Sybil said sharply. "She can't forget him."

Lewis put out his cigarette with care. "I think," he said, "that she's afraid that she will."

"Nonsense! Victoria loves a ghost. It's so much easier!" And Sybil swept off to bed.

The next morning was Sunday. Christopher came down the wide stairs to the sound of voices, and paused.

... all felt it would be wonderful if you would accept the chairmanship of the fete, Sybil."

It was Victoria's voice. Christopher felt his heart expand until it filled his chest cavity. Most uncomfortable.

"My dear, I couldn't possibly," Sybil's clear voice answered. "It's quite out of the question."

Very quietly, Christopher approached the terrace door. Sybil stood on one side of the glass-topped breakfast table, Victoria on the other. Between them sat Lewis, dozing in the flood of Sunday papers.

"But this is such a terribly important event, Sybil," Victoria said crisply. "You know, it's the only time we have that involves the whole village. At the garage always plays his accordion. The laundry Tangorras are singing those marvellous Hungarian gipsy songs, and Maggie Moon is rehearsing a couple of one-act plays."

"I'm sorry, darling," said Sybil patiently.

Victoria smiled. "I thought you'd want to do it, Sybil, since the fete is going to be here. I thought you'd feel—"

"Here?" Sybil repeated, not moving.

"Yes, of course, since Lewis offered to let us have it here. It was wonderful of you, Lewis."

Lewis glanced up for a moment and smiled.

"I think," said Sybil silkily, and her beautiful eyes were as cold as moonstones, "that we had better have it clearly understood, Victoria, that the house is not included in the grounds."

Victoria's eyes flashed. "You have my word, Sybil, that no one will set foot inside your door, for any reason whatever."

Christopher stepped out upon the terrace. "Good morning, Mrs. Redmond."

Victoria tossed him the splintered fragment of a glance. "Good morning, Mr. Mayne. Thank you so much, Lewis... Sybil. I must go."

"I'll walk down to the driveway with you," said Christopher.

"Thanks, don't bother," said Victoria with finality.

"Oh, I'd like to," said Christopher.

They walked in silence to Mrs. Redmond's roadster. She got in, and Christopher leaned upon the door. She looked at him, and their eyes were on a level, hers sparkled with unshed tears. Christopher's stomach performed an unusual evolution.

"What's the matter, Victoria? Why are you upset?" he asked gently.

She swallowed and the tears disappeared. Her eyes were dark wells of hostility. "I'm upset because—because I've liked and admired the English all my life. And I don't like stopping."

"Ah," Christopher kept his elbow on the door. "You find that you no longer like the English character?"

Please turn to page 34

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



Don't wait

until summer is nearly over, and swelter day and night

INSULATE
your home NOW with
B.I. SLAGWOOL

No house, home, office or building is modern and entirely healthy unless it is insulated—preferably with B.I. SLAGWOOL.

BRADFORD
Insulation
Phonex Sydney M 2632, Melbourne RM 3566,
Brisbane B 3604, Adelaide C 7257, Perth B 2197

B-6-38

NEVER A MAN
HIS EQUAL!
NEVER A
PICTURE TO
EQUAL
THIS!

SOON AT YOUR
FAVOURITE
THEATRE

HE MADE
HISTORY
WHEN
HE MADE
LOVE!

THE BRAND NEW ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN

FOR
GENERAL
EXHIBITION



ALL ITS THUNDERING EXCITEMENT IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

ERROL STARRING VIVECA

FLYNN LINDFORS

1950'S BIG NEW
ACHIEVEMENT FROM
WARNER BROS.

WITH
ROBERT DOUGLAS

DIRECTED BY
VINCENT SHERMAN · JERRY WALD

AND ALAN HALE · ROMNEY BRENT · ANN RUTHERFORD

SCREEN PLAY BY GEORGE SPENGLER AND HARRY MURDIN
FROM A STORY BY HERBERT DILLMAN · MUSIC BY MAX REINER

The Brazen Widow

Continued from page 33

VICTORIA REDMOND answered coldly. "The English character, Mr. Mayne, is something no American will ever understand. Nor does he want to."

"That seems rather a pity, doesn't it? Since blood is thicker than water—"

"I doubt," said Victoria, "whether the English have any blood. I think their veins run weak tea. And now, Mr. Mayne, if you don't mind getting off that door—"

"There's one thing you might remember about the English," Christopher said, smiling at her with cold fury. "They always win the last battle."

Victoria returned his smile with bloodcurdling sweetness. "Not," she said, "in seventeen seventy-six. Remember?"

Christopher took his elbow off the door just in time to avoid being dashed against an elm.

He walked back to the house, whistling Cockles and Muscels with great spirit and accuracy. Anyone in these days who was so stupidly, so blindly prejudiced against a whole nation—He would not even think about Victoria Redmond. She wasn't worth it.

Of course he saw her constantly, because, in a place as small and gay as Mustard Hill, she was unavoidable. But he never bothered with her. Until the Midsummer Dinner Dance at the club.

At the end of that evening, Christopher asked Mrs. Redmond to dance because it would have been churlish not to. At the time, a man was bellowing something from the orchestra platform. Christopher thought that a spark of surprise lit up Victoria's dark eyes, but she went straight into his arms as the music started, and from that moment every other thought left his head.

Victoria Redmond was, he had to admit, the perfect partner. She knew what he was going to do before he was aware of it himself. Holding her in one's arms was like holding a live cloud that smelled of something delicious and rather like Victoria herself—half sweet and half maddening. Half sweet, he thought, executing a polished manoeuvre, to his own amazement.

At that instant the orchestra stopped, the man on the platform broke into his uncouth shouting, and Victoria seized his arm.

"Great pleasure . . . the judges unanimously . . . Mrs. Redmond and Mr. Christopher Mayne!"

There was a moment of silence in which Christopher froze. Then applause pounded his ears. What had happened?

Victoria's dark eyes laughed into his. "We won, Christopher! We won!"

"Won what?" he demanded through cold lips.

"The contest! Didn't you hear? It was a Best Couple Contest and we won it! They want us to dance alone." And as the music started again, she held up her arm.

Christopher was hideously aware of faces grinning, waiting gleefully for him to make an exhibition of himself with Victoria Redmond. He stood rooted.

"I can't possibly," he said.

She laughed incredulously. "Oh, of course you can! It won't take a minute! They're all waiting! Come along!"

Christopher stiffened. "It's quite out of the question. I cannot dance alone. I won't."

Victoria's arms dropped and she stepped back from him. For an instant the scorn that glittered in her dark eyes burned like dry ice. Then she had moved to the edge of the dance floor.

"Jon McGlynn!" she cried. "You dance with me, darling! Christopher's come all over shy!"

Somehow Christopher got back to his table.

"Let's go home, shall we?" Sybil murmured. "How frightfully cheap those silly contests are." She wound her way among the tables, and said over her shoulder, "I can't think why Victoria let you in for it."

For the first time in his life, Christopher looked at his sister with distaste. She was quite right, of course. It was silly and cheap. He had been quite right to refuse to dance . . . and yet he wished, irritably, that Sybil had held her tongue.

The fete, Christopher discovered, was to be held on a curious national holiday known as Labor Day, whose meaning no one seemed to know. But it appeared that the town had adopted ten French orphans, and the fete was held annually to raise money for the care of these French children.

It all sounded terribly gay and lighthearted and perfectly horrible. Christopher dreaded it passionately.

Lewis and Sybil had gone off for the last weeks in August to stay with some friends. They were, of course, to be back on Labor Day, but on the day before, Christopher was called to the telephone. It was Lewis. It would be quite impossible, he said, for them to get back to time. Sybil had one of her headaches.

"We'll be back next week," he said.

After he had hung up, Christopher wandered miserably out on to the terrace, sucking at a cold pipe. It was, he thought, really too bad of Sybil to pick such a moment. But one didn't pick moments to have migraine, did one?

Christopher bit on the stem of his pipe. After all, Sybil was shy—really too shy to come to the fete, he said to himself, and was disconcerted to hear an interior voice answer: Too shy to come to the fete, oh, yes. Too shy to take the responsibility of its chairmanship.

H

HOWEVER, Sybil was not too shy to tell a lot of people lies about her childhood. Nor too shy to be the beautiful, the glamorous, the exquisitely dressed Mrs. Lewis Gardiner, who entertains so charmingly, but who is rather hard to know.

Christopher went indoors and poured himself a very stiff whisky and soda.

He woke next morning to shouts, grinding of trucks up the driveway and the shattering bark of hammers on wood.

He caught sight of Victoria down by the swimming-pool and went towards her.

It was a very hot morning. The leaves hung exhausted from the trees, and the sun-baked fields swam in heat waves. Christopher went down to the pool.

Victoria's eyes, as she glanced at him, were the only cool things in the world.

Christopher heard his own voice, with horror: "May I help?"

"No, thank you," said Victoria.

Christopher said urgently, "Victoria, I meant it. I want to help."

She looked straight at him.

"Why?"

"Because I—because," he answered, "Lewis would have."

Something flickered in her eyes.

"Well, if you want to set up the chairs—"

"Right-o," he said. "All of them?"

"All of them," Victoria replied, and walked away.

He worked alone in the blazing sunshine until a heavy noonday quiet began to pervade the lawns.

Hammers mercifully ceased, shouts died away. At last every chair was in place on the green slope, and Christopher fell flat under a small maple.

"Please turn to page 40"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 14, 1950

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. MILTON HASENPHEFFER asks Larry for help against NUMBSKULL, the man who uses his skull as a battering-ram. Larry and JUNE FARRELL drive Milton to Riot Road. On the way they speed through the city, and suddenly at a crossroads a smash seems inevitable.

As I Read
The
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): You should now have everything on a sound basis. Relax and enjoy a well-earned rest. Your opportunity for making new plans does not open until January 17, which promises to be quite good.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): A restful week to meditate, catch up with correspondence, read that interesting book, or finalise any business contracts. Do not start any major change until next week, your luck is not quite ready.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Be careful on January 13, a little unfavorable for anything that carries a risk. Link with another on January 17 and try your luck. Partnerships, team work or interests shared prove helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Continue to enjoy yourself socially and consolidate past gains. There is not much new activity until next week. January 11, 13, and 17 are about your most interesting days, try to make the most of them.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Finalise work in hand, tie up loose ends, but don't change any plans before January 17. From this day you move into wider fields with brighter prospects, both in business and in health.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Avoid sudden changes on January 13. Wait until early next week, when opportunity, bright ideas, and increased energy can help you with your latest schemes. Happy results by January 18.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A good week to plan improvements in the home, examine the family budget, try your luck with domesticities, exercise your artistic sense by rearranging or renovating the furniture. You will be surprised by results.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You may feel restless without apparent cause. Instead of moving round in circles, talk things over with an understanding friend. This should help restore your tranquillity.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): You may be called upon to make decisions over money this week, but delay action until nearing January 17 and 18. These days are particularly lucky and promise good results.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Use this week to overhaul all personal plans, the stars help you to put into practice many of your ideals, with less interference than usual. Some happy results by January 17.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Quiet routine is best for you this week. Do a little research into your actual needs, get your ideas sorted out, for early next week could help you to carry out a few of your plans.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Friendships could bring to light new values this week, while business relationships could result in mutual gain. Expect a happy and prosperous time during January 16, 17, and 18.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Ltd. 140-144 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



The Australian Women's Weekly - January 14, 1950

Don't miss Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine . . . this month and every month.

Page 35

Dick Powell and his wife as film comedy team

Share star roles in story of a zoo-keeper's daughter

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Ask film stars Dick Powell and his petite blonde wife, June Allyson, and they will tell you that even to-day dreams do come true in Hollywood.

The talented couple say the proof of this is the picture they recently completed together—it's called "The Reformer and the Redhead."

FOR years the Powells had dreamed about the day when they would go to work together, riding in the same car to the set of the same picture.

In six years of dreaming nothing happened, even when Dick took matters into his own hands and asked for his wife to play opposite him.

His request was turned down, and he had to hire Evelyn Keyes instead for "Mrs. Mike," Powell's independent picture.

But then, not long ago, M.G.M.'s new production head, Dore Schary, ran into trouble. He had bought a delightful story, "The Reformer and the Redhead" (which was published in The Australian Women's Weekly on December 31), as a screen vehicle for Robert Taylor and Lana Turner.

As the story materialised into script form, however, Turner and Taylor were deemed not suitable for the parts. June Allyson was signed.

Then, one day, watching visiting husband with June at lunch at the studio restaurant, Schary, a family friend, remembered their long desire, and offered Powell the role.

"What do you think?" was Powell's immediate answer, and that is how he was given the male lead opposite his wife in "The Reformer and the Redhead," a comedy about a zoo-keeper's daughter and a political candidate in a small town.

After years of scarcely seeing each other in picture-taking time, except to say "Hello," the twosome were together at last.

Their joy was temporarily abated, however. For the first three days of the picture Powell worked, but not Miss Allyson. The next two days Miss Allyson worked—alone. The sixth day Powell was working in the morning and his wife in the afternoon.

Finally, after ten days of this frustrating production schedule, they started working together.

Then things began happening on the set. The overjoyed twosome started playing pranks on one another, like a couple of happy kids. She put a sign on her dressing-room door which read: "Number One Star." And she tacked a sign on her husband's door which announced: "Supporting Cast."

The Powells met in 1943. They worked together in "Meet the People" and fell in love with each other.

"June brought me luck," Dick Powell says to-day.

The singing star had practically faded from the public eye. It was then, however, that he was given a try in a straight role as a newspaper reporter in the whimsical "It Happened Tomorrow," followed by "Murder, My Sweet," in which, having cropped his curly hair, he played a hard-boiled detective.

Months afterwards Hollywood

was still talking about Powell's phenomenal comeback.

In "Meet the People" the feminine star was Lucille Ball, and June Allyson played a supporting role.

She, too, will tell you: "Richard brought me luck."

Soon afterwards June Allyson was given her first important part as a singing-dancing star opposite Van Johnson in "Two Girls and a Sailor," and was well on her way to becoming one of Hollywood's best box-office attractions.

"Ever since we were married," said bewitching Mrs. Powell, "we have looked forward to doing a picture together for two good reasons. One, curiosity to see what would happen to us in the mutual lock-bringing department, and two, it could be so convenient."

To-day the Powells talk of making more pictures together, and they will tell you that they are not afraid of any personality conflict as a result, since they absolutely refuse to worry about studio problems at home.

Except for rehearsing, they try to divorce work from their home life.

During the filming of "The Reformer" they followed a routine. Their infant daughter, Pamela, was always entertained for an hour or two before she was put to bed, then they returned to the living-room and chatted about everything from children to ships and aeroplanes.

After some time, each would adjourn to a different part of the house to memorise lines for the next day's work at the studio.

This was necessary to avoid complete lull, since both learn their parts by saying them out loud.

After a time they would meet in the living-room again and here, standing on the brown, hand-made hook rugs in front of a massive fireplace, they would rehearse together.

The talented young couple are so pleased with having made their first



DICK POWELL and his wife, June Allyson, who is the only person in Hollywood to call him Richard. They had such a wonderful time filming "The Reformer and the Redhead" together that they are anxious to make more pictures as a team.

film that they are more anxious than ever to make further pictures together. But Dick must first finish another assignment for M.G.M.—it is a boxing story tentatively called "Right Cross."

And within a short space June will be doing "Royal Wedding," with dancer Fred Astaire.

After that, they say, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell will try for other opportunities to work on the same pictures, and they just hope it won't be another six years before they are successful.

Meanwhile, high in the hills to the north-west of Hollywood, at 8 o'clock on almost any week-day morning, you will see a grey Cadillac sweep down a long driveway in front of a rambling country-style house that is surrounded by flower-bordered green lawns, with Mrs. Powell in the chauffeur's seat.

Seconds later a small black Ford rushes from the garage and down the drive, with Mr. Powell at the wheel.

The Powells have gone to work.

Australian actor to produce a West End play

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

PETER FINCH will produce a play in London, early in the New Year, in which he hopes several Australian stage personalities will play.

"It is now definitely settled," Peter told me, "and I am beginning already to shake in my shoes. I hope to get Kitty Blount, Bill Kerr, and Ted Howell of 'Mr. and Mrs. Everybody' fame for the cast, but it depends on whether or not they are available."

This is the third big break that Peter has had since he arrived in London. He was successful in his first film, "Train of Events," a hit in the stage play "Daphne Laureola," opposite veterans Dame Edith

Evans and Felix Aylmer. "Pommy," which marks his West End debut as a producer, was written in collaboration with Australian playwright James Watson and veteran script-writer W. P. Lipscomb.

It would be refreshing to find a producer in Britain who hasn't got a picture lined up that would be a natural for Jean Simmons—now never busier. All she dreams of is a holiday which she is determined to take as soon as she finishes "So Long at the Fair," with Dirk Bogarde.

THE terrible young schoolgirls of St. Trinian's, created by cartoonist Ronald Searle and bringing laughs from lovers of "Punch" and "Lilliput" and others, will soon be seen on the screen. Searle is drawing them, along with a pack of villainous small boys, for Frank Launder's new school film, "Happiest Days of Your Life."

JACK BUCHANAN had at least one fan whom he could count on seeing at the opening of his West End stage play, "Castle in the Air," this week. It is Anna Neagle. Jack took her out of a chorus nineteen years ago and gave her a chance that led to stardom. Says Anna, "I wouldn't miss one of his shows if I had to be carried into the theatre."

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ June Bride
LOOKING slim and slickly groomed in Warner Bros. "June Bride," Bette Davis selects a light, inconsequential comedy as a change from heavy drama.

She plays a sophisticated New York career woman, editor of a women's magazine, whose romance with glib foreign correspondent Robert Montgomery is an on-again-off-again affair.

The two are in rare form, and appear to enjoy themselves immensely.

An amusing farce develops when

the stars take off for Indiana on a joint assignment—to set up and photograph for the summer issue of their journal the wedding of a young couple which is actually taking place in the depth of winter.

This is a take-off of contemporary American journals. When the magazine staff arrives and proceeds to tear down and redecorate the old-fashioned home, glamorise the bride's buxom mother, and organise the wedding to make good copy, it's chaotic.

The young romantics are Betty Lynn, Barbara Bates, Raymond Roe, and Ray Montgomery.

In Sydney—the Century.



AUSTRALIAN SISTER KENNY famed for her treatment of polio, lunches with actress Jeanne Crain at the studio commissary during a recent visit to Hollywood.



SOMETIMES the greatest get in "left out of things"—and all because she's guilty of the fault people don't overlook! So guard with utmost attention when you wear your charm as anything but delectable Mums.



keeps you nice to be near

A Product of Bristol-Myers Co. Ptg. Ltd.

TWO TEXAS KNIGHTS

★ FILMED in technicolor, this Warner Brothers musical stars Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson as the two knights, and features Dorothy Malone and Penny Edwards for romantic interest.

Morgan and Carson play a night-club song-and-patter team, Steve Carroll and Danny Foster, who find themselves stranded in Texas when their car is stolen and hidden by shady characters.

One of the problems the pair face is Danny's fear of animals, large and small, but they manage to overcome this in hilarious fashion, and he rides the rogue horse of the local rodeo to win the big prize-money.

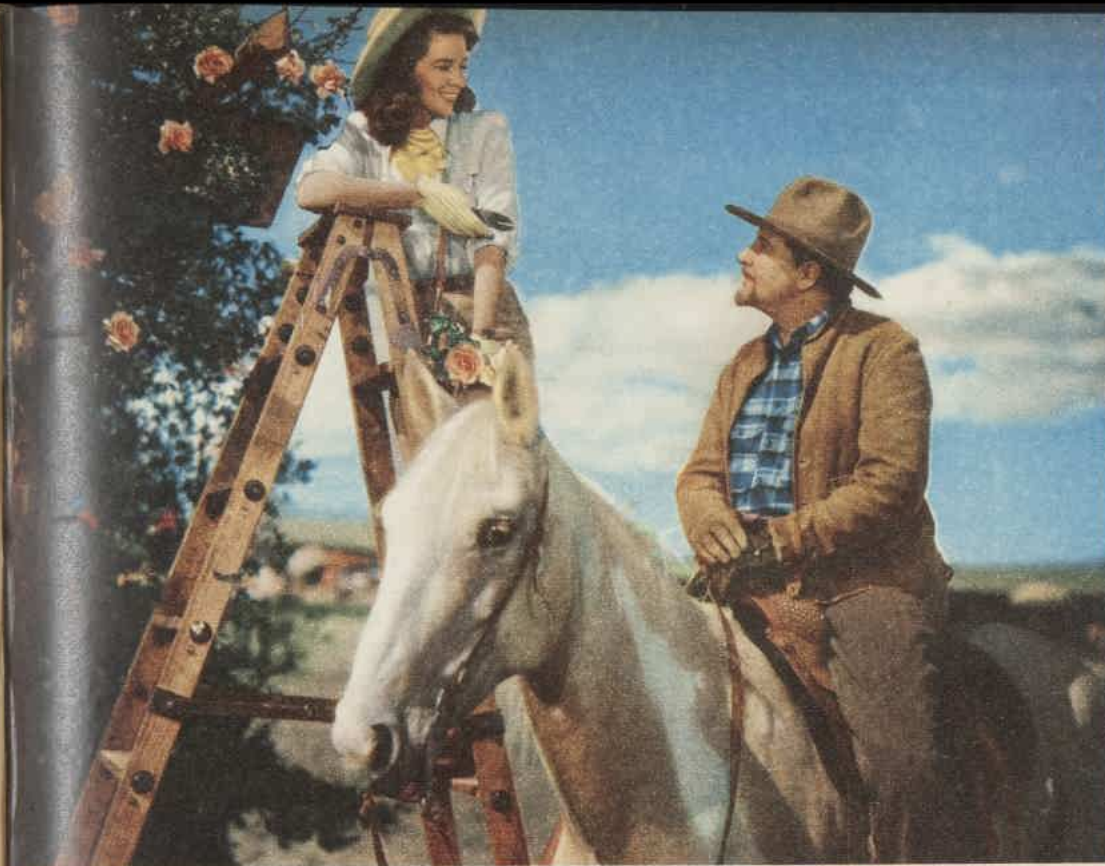
In the general mix-up of the plot the pair have to upset a robbery charge and adjust various emotional entanglements.

In a mild way the film is a lampoon of musical Westerns with some comedy about swaggering Texans and gun-toting frontiersmen.

Among several new songs, "Music in the Land," sung by the knights when supposedly bouncing over the Texas range in an aged Ford, and "I Want to be a Cowboy in the Movies" are amusing.

The Australian Women's Weekly,
January 14, 1950 — Page 37

● Roles of a Texas belle and a New York showgirl in "Two Texas Knights" are played by Penny Edwards and Dorothy Malone, who are shown below with two Indians, who are cast members.



● Garden work at the Winston Dude Ranch (above) is interrupted when Pete Nash (Monte Blue) pauses to chat with the young owner, Joan Winston (Dorothy Malone).

● Two knights in the film, Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson (below), wearing traditional Western costumes in which they try to disguise themselves to hunt down hold-up men.



RELAX THOSE WEARY MUSCLES



RE-VITALISE WITH *RADOX

It's great to get into a Radox bath and feel the weariness leave your body. You sleep like a top!—wake up next morning feeling really refreshed. Radox has this revitalising property because it gives ordinary tap water the properties of a mineral spring spa.



RELIEF FOR TIRED FEET
When feet are sore from walking, or painful from corns or chilblains, soak them in Radox. The relief will amaze you.

***RADOX**

***RADIATES OXYGEN**

2/8 packet, from your chemist

RA-1, 16



"Don't forget my Roboleine Mummy!"

Children love delicious Roboleine (in milk or off the spoon). It gives them just those nourishing elements their little systems require to build up bodily fitness and give them that inner strength to resist colds and infection.

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

In 12oz. and 36oz. jars at all chemists

AGENTS FOR AUSTRALIA: MUIR & NEIL, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, AUCKLAND.

ALL UGLY HAIR GONE!



IN 3 MINUTES

Just apply the amazing hair-removing cream called Veet. After three minutes wash off. Every trace of hair is gone like magic! Veet leaves your arms and legs velvety-soft and smooth. No stubble like the razor leaves.

No risk of cuts or scrapes. Veet is the easy, quick, modern way to end the embarrassment of unwanted hair. Successful results guaranteed with Veet or money refunded. Supplies available at all Chemists & Stores 2/9 per tube.



1 MUSICAL leader of Philadelphia, Abigail Budell (Ethel Barrymore), persuades Jose Iturbi to audition granddaughter Prudence (Kathryn Grayson). Abigail is determined that Prudence shall follow operatic career she herself once yearned for.



2 TEAMED to appear with tenor Senor Betelli (Thomas Gomez), Prudence determines to find younger, slimmer partner.

MUSICAL ROMANCE...



That midnight kiss

STARRING Kathryn Grayson and a young singer, Mario Lanza, this M.G.M. technicolor film offers one of the most comprehensive scores of the season. It includes seventeen numbers ranging from opera to popular, classical to ballads. Lanza, by the way, was hailed by New York music critics as "a young Caruso" on his first stage appearance.

Jose Iturbi conducts a hundred-piece orchestra and plays as solo pianist Liszt's E Flat Concerto and Tchaikovsky's B Flat Piano Concerto.

Ethel Barrymore, Keenan Wynn, Marjorie Reynolds, Jules Munshin, J. Carrol Naish, and Thomas Gomez are cast members.

3 HEARING wonderful tenor voice from music-room, Prudence finds truck driver Johnny Donnetti (Mario Lanza).



4 DETERMINED Iturbi shall hear Johnny, meeting is fixed. Artie (Keenan Wynn) and Mary (Marjorie Reynolds) attend.



5 AFTER successful concert and signing contract, Johnny courts Prudence, who learns Mary plans to marry him. Johnny is mystified when Mrs. Budell says Prudence does not wish to see him again.



6 HURT, Johnny gives up singing and deserts the opera, returns to former trucking job. Realising it is Prudence whom Johnny loves, Mary breaks engagement.



7 OPENING night, Iturbi's manager, Pemberton (Jules Munshin), manages to enrage temperamental Senor Betelli, who walks out, leaving the way open for reconciled Johnny to step into singing role.



8 ALL misunderstandings forgotten, Prudence and Johnny captivate the audience with their singing and become the real life lovers of their musical triumph.

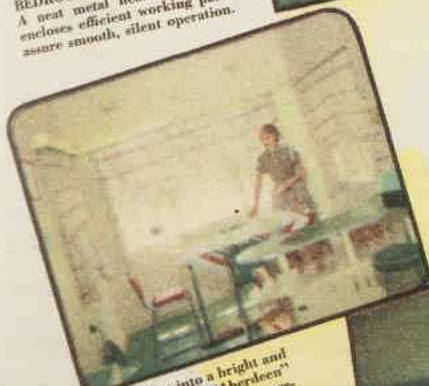
Bring the outside **INSIDE**

with *"Aberdeen"* ^(PAT) **ALL METAL** Venetians

LOUNGE ROOM
Beautiful rooms are enhanced by "Aberdeen" All Metal Venetians. You'll enjoy the sheer luxury of air conditioning, because "Aberdeen" slats are scientifically curved to admit cooling air.



BEDROOM . . . Window loveliness. A neat metal head-box completely encloses efficient working parts that assure smooth, silent operation.



KITCHEN
Transform your kitchen into a bright and cheerful work room with "Aberdeen" patented All Metal Venetians. The gracefully curved slats have a baked-on plastic coating and are made of flexible metal, which makes cleaning so easy. Each slat bends then snaps back into perfect shape.

BATHROOM
For those who cherish complete privacy in the bathroom, "Aberdeen" All Metal Venetians are an essential. The scientifically curved, concave slats ensure perfect closure and absolute privacy. Raise, lower or lock with the touch of a single cord.



FREE

SEND FOR YOUR FREE SAMPLE VENETIAN BLIND SLATS, ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND TWO-TONED TAPES TO DEPT. W.W., 33 REGENT STREET, SYDNEY.

ONE touch of a cord and all the beauty of the outside world can be brought into your own rooms to make a perfect background for windows that spell charm and style. Here is Venetian Blind Magic to give your rooms airy spaciousness, yet keep them intimate and welcoming.

Because of the special concave shaped slats, scientifically curved "Aberdeen" patented All Metal Venetians give you a complete view — more light and a greater degree of air conditioning than you thought possible.

See for yourself how many degrees cooler these wonderful blinds make your rooms.

The soft pastel tones of the wafer-thin slats blend harmoniously with fabrics and furnishings of every style and colour, giving to every room a lasting look of style and distinction.

Gracious in line and proportion, beautiful in every seen and unseen detail, "Aberdeen" patented All Metal Venetians represent the ultimate in craftsman's skill. . . Here truly are Venetians to give you more of everything you've ever wanted in window styling, at a price lower than you dreamed possible.

Light cream, deep cream and duck egg blue Venetian Blinds are now available—to be followed shortly by a full range of colours fresh from the artist's palette. These blinds are also available in the beautiful new two-toned tapes.

All outstanding orders should be completed by the end of this month and, from February, new orders will be promptly dispatched.

"Aberdeen"

(PAT) **ALL METAL VENETIANS**

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

If unobtainable locally, — WRITE — CALL — PHONE

SMITH COPELAND & Co. Pty. Ltd.

33 REGENT STREET, SYDNEY. PHONES: M4181-2-3

Makers of Finer Blinds and Canvas Goods for 55 years.

HAIRDRESSERS SAY -

*It's the BEST
HAIR TONIC
available!*



When hairdressers throughout Australia including the current World's Champion, Julien Simonet, recommend Marigny Hair Vitaliser, you can be sure it **must** be good. It's really goodbye to dandruff, split ends and lifeless hair once you take your hairdresser's advice and use Marigny Hair Vitaliser. Your hair will then be naturally soft and smooth and a delight to see. Ask for Marigny Hair Vitaliser at your hairdresser, favourite store or Chemist—it is only 2/6 per tube. You will then agree with your hairdresser that Marigny Hair Vitaliser is truly Australia's No. 1 Hair Tonic.

MARIGNY

(MAREENY)

HAIR VITALISER



PRICE 2/6 PER TUBE

TRY ALSO: MARIGNY FOAM SHAMPOO, WAVE SET LOTION, HAIR LACQUER AND BRILLIANTINE

PRODUCED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS MARIGNY COLD WAVE

The Brazen Widow

Continued from page 34

CHRISTOPHER heard someone talking. "Just run through it once more, just to get the business of the French door and the revolver. And then at the end, there's that one scene—"

It was a deep and thrilling voice, a memorable voice.

Christopher rolled over. Down the farther side of the clearing came a little group of people—Mr. Jon McGlynn, three or four others scarcely noticed, and at their head a gaunt, tanned old woman with a flame of white hair. Even at that distance he could see the beautiful modelling around her hazel eyes, sunken but still magnificent. It could only be Maggie Moon.

He stared, fascinated, as they mounted the stage and began to move about on it.

Suddenly he was aware of someone standing over him. He scrambled to his feet.

"I think you must be Mr. Mayne," said Maggie Moon. "I've been wanting to meet you."

"Me?" Christopher blurted out. "But it's I who have been wanting to meet—"

She cut across his words: "You're Victoria Redmond's young man."

"Well, no, Miss Moon. I'm afraid not," said Christopher, his heart pounding. "Victoria doesn't like me. In fact, she doesn't like the British."

"Ah! The British." There were so many tones in Maggie Moon's voice that the words were a chord. "What a people. Brave, honest, gay—"

"But I'm afraid rather too reserved," said Christopher, looking modestly at his feet. "In fact, shy."

"Shy!" said Miss Moon, and it sounded like a gunshot. "Ha-ha!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"The English and their shyness! You'd think they owned shyness like Westminster Abbey! Why, everyone in the world is shy, young man!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"All of us. Sometimes. Some places."

"Not Americans," said Christopher.

"Just as bad as you are, only not so proud of it. We hide it—sometimes too well, I admit, under noise and braggadocio. But it's there. Shy!" said Miss Moon. "The shy people are the true egoists—the ruthless ones."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Shy people make other people do all the work. Unfair. Victoria won't do your work for you, young man. Too much spirit."

He looked at her, his mind in a turmoil.

She smiled and her eyes were amazing. "Nice man," she said. "Better grow up."

And she strode off alone across the baking lawn.

Christopher was met on the terrace by Gooding, the butler, who observed with gloomy relish that the wireless forecast storms.

Late in the afternoon, Christopher turned back into the driveway and was met by a steady stream of cars pouring out. From a heavy, burning blue, the sky had darkened to an ominous unearthly yellow. He put his car away in the immense garage, and paused.

In the queer, hostile light, Punch and Judy and popcorn, stuffed pandas and burst balloons, magicians, little boys, exhausted parents and ice-cream cones mingled in a squalid, exhilarating scene.

He was about to turn away when a voice smote his ear. "No, my dear, there's no use. I'm going to round up the whole work committee and start clearing up right now."

"You mean call the whole thing off?" It was Victoria's voice, and it was high with dismay. "Oh, Emily, we can't! We've only just cleared expenses! It's always the evening

that gives us the profit! Oh, Emily!" "What would you suggest?" Mrs. Bedford was crisp. "You know perfectly well there's no place big enough—and near enough—to move all this into. If we had a town hall—but we haven't. We'll just have to cut our losses."

"But Emily, those French children! Oh, if only Lewis were here!" wailed Victoria.

"You forget, dear," Mrs. Bedford said acidly, "if Lewis were here, Sybil would be here too."

But Sybil isn't here, Christopher thought. Both these women are overlooking the salient fact: Sybil isn't here.

He came around the back of his car, and they swung towards him quickly. He spoke at once.

"Get your work committee up here, will you, Mrs. Bedford?" His voice was cool with authority, and they stared at him. "The first thing to do is to clear the garage and set the booths up in there. Then put up the stage in the hall, the chairs in the living-room and the dining-room. Those enormous archways give good visibility. The library can be dressing-room and wings. Send me all the Boy Scouts you can find. Quickly, please. We have only two hours."

Mrs. Bedford was an experienced woman; her expression changed subtly. Her eyes began to sparkle, and she said, "There are ten Boy Scouts here. May I ask what you want them for?"

"To carry umbrellas from the cars to the front door. But first they must go out and collect the umbrellas. Big ones. Let Victoria take charge of all that. I want you to go and telephone, at once."

MRS. BEDFORD

very nearly saluted. "Yes, Mr. Mayne . . . to whom?"

"To the local broadcasting station. They can just get it in on the six-o'clock news. You'll know what to say."

"That the fete will be held here! Indoors?"

"Exactly. We—"

"Not! Stop! We can't!" Victoria was pale. "I gave Sybil my word of honor that no one would set foot in her house."

"I gave nobody my word of honor," said Christopher. "Hurry, Mrs. Bedford! Victoria, if you stand there wasting time—Gooding!"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"All the furniture and rugs and every bit of bric-a-brac has to be removed from the lower floor."

"But, Mr. Mayne— Gooding was a blanching and stricken butler. Gooding vanished."

"Christopher?"

He looked down. "Ha. Victoria. What's wrong?"

Her eyes were unreadable. "I thought I'd better warn you. You'll have to make a speech."

Christopher, acutely conscious of those fathomless eyes upon him, took a deep breath.

"Certainly," he said through his teeth. "Of course. Naturally. Glad you reminded me."

Victoria came closer. "You know something?" she said softly. "I think you're wonderful."

"Victoria," said Christopher.

"No!" said Victoria, in a tiny, panic-stricken voice.

"Look at me!" said Christopher, and at that moment an angel of some sort backed Sybil's enormous car out of the garage, providing them with sudden privacy. Christopher instantly put his arms around Victoria, and found that her nose was buried in his shoulder.

The car drove away, but neither of them noticed it.

(Copyright)

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

THE classic type of wedding gown made in satin or crepe is always good fashion.

Bridal gown

I AM being married as a bride, and am at a loss to know what style of frock to choose. I fancy satin, but not a frock with a narrow skirt, as I have rather heavy hips. I would like long sleeves. My measurements are bust, 34in., waist 26in., hips 39in.

With your type of figure, added to the fact that you have chosen satin for your material, I advise a design with a classic character. Have the dress cut slim to the waistline, and the skirt flaring gently over the hipline (no bulky fullness). Have a portrait neckline finished with a fairly large collar to be worn as illustrated or folded back. As the dress is classic, I suggest a lace veil. It will be soft and feminine.

Looking ahead

BECAUSE my dress-maker is able to give me time early in March, I wish to plan ahead for autumn and winter. Could you tell me what colors and styles will be in for casual clothes, and what is newest for a good wearing suit?

For knockabout "casuals," bright colors such as red, gold, rust, and green will be mixed and matched for "separates"—separates will still be high fashion. The newest "separates" will be an abbreviated waist-length jacket, a sleeveless weskit-blouse, and a skirt with unpressed



A LACE VEIL is soft and feminine, with a satin gown cut on classic lines.

pleats. A good, honest fireman's red is a color likely to boom. It will be used for coats, jackets, dresses, and as an accent. When you are planning your suit, remember this is the year for tweeds in vineyard tones, such as grape, mauve, and purple. Wool jersey and velvet are two other fabrics worth considering.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Hard to suit

HERE is a plea for one who is short, plump, and forty-two. My dress sense is terrible, and I am sure that there must be others like me. We short, fat ones are so hard to suit.

I am afraid high fashion at the moment is rather hard on the short and not so slim, but, cheer up! there are always classic suits and shirtwaist styles that will suit your "size group," and I consider they are good, sound fashion. Below, I have listed a few ideas that will help to disguise your figure problem.

Large Abdomen: Avoid tight-fitting clothes, double-breasted styles, and narrow skirts. Skirts with front drapery or fullness are good.

Large Waistline: Try to achieve an unbroken line from shoulder to hem with panel-fronts and coat-type dresses. Avoid accenting the waist with wide or contrasting belts.

Heavy Arms: Avoid extremes in sleeves too tight or too loose; choose natural soft effects.

Short, Plump Neck: The V-neckline is the most flattering. Use only simple finishing detail at the neck.

Too-broad Shoulders: Never use broadened padded shoulders. Raglan and dolman sleeves are good; so are narrow lapels. Vertical lines in trimming will keep the eye away from shoulder width.

"JEANNE" and "JOAN."—An attractive mother-and-daughter set featuring a separate blouse and skirt. The blouse is tailored and made in white cotton haircord. Colors for skirt include green, lemon, pale blue, red, and navy, all printed with a white pin-spot. The material for the skirt is linen.

"Jeanne."—Ready to Wear: Blouse, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 23/9. Postage, 1/3 extra. Cut Out Only: Blouse, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 14/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 15/11. Postage, 1/3 extra.

Ready to Wear: Skirt, 24 1/2, 26, and 28in. waist, 34/6; 30 and 32in. waist, 34/11. Postage, 1/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Skirt, 24 1/2, 26, and 28in. waist, 26/6; 30 and 32in. waist, 27/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"Joan."—Ready to Wear: Blouse, sizes 4 years, 8/11; 6 years, 9/6; 8 years, 10/3. Postage, 1/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Blouse, sizes 4 years, 6/11; 6 years, 7/6; 8 years, 8/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Ready to Wear: Skirt, sizes 4 years, 15/3; 6 years, 16/9; 8 years, 17/6. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Skirt, sizes 4 years, 12/3; 6 years, 13/6; 8 years, 14/6. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"MARY."—Form-fitting suit has new pointed revers on jacket and becoming flared skirt. The material is moss crepe, obtainable in white, deep lemon, pale blue, moss-green, and nomad-red.

Ready to Wear.—Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 72/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 75/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 61/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

NOTE. Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

TO ORDER: Fashion Frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 31.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



CLOTHING PRICES STILL RISING



• SUITS tailored-to-measure over 100 patterns 3-pce. S.B. from £11'8/9

TROUSERS tailored-to-measure in 7 days from 55/-

H. J. COONEY PTY. LTD.

• 449 PITT STREET, SYDNEY
• 21 ADELAIDE ARC., ADELAIDE
• 546-548 HAY STREET, PERTH

H. J. COONEY PTY. LTD., 449 PITT ST., SYDNEY. Please forward, without obligation, self-measurement chart, style brochure and patterns for suit, trousers, sports coat, dinner suit, blazer. (Strike out whichever is NOT required.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____

Women's Weekly, Jan.

Attractive and energetic?

Of course she is!

Every young woman knows she is more attractive when she feels fit and energetic and is free from everyday ills. What then is the secret — she takes Beecham's Pills, the superior laxative.

Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/-

Wise woman — she takes

Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



Jan Porter



LIBERTY

*Corsets &
Brassieres*



CURLYPET

makes baby's hair grow curly—at all Chemists and Stores—3/8. C.L.

The finest polishes for Silverware

Goddard's
Plate Powder
Silver Polish
Silver Cloths

More than 100 years world reputation



PAIN!
Swelling, Soreness
Relieved by

MOIST HEAT

The moist heat of an Aniphlogistine poultice relieves pains, reduces swelling, limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to simple sprains, bruises or similar conditions. Used by many doctors all over the world.

It's easy to get the benefits of moist heat. Just apply Aniphlogistine poultice hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on sore, aching parts.



Aniphlogistine

**ARE YOU SLOWLY
POISONING YOURSELF?**

Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autointoxication—from the waste auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better internal cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC
FOR BETTER
INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all chemists and stores.

FOR WEARY FEET

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

WOMEN (and men too) are divided into groups—those who can stay on their feet with ease and those who are always glad to put their feet up.

Best preventive of weary feet is a course which combines balm and beauty building.

When feet swell uncomfortably in hot weather, or burn with friction, extended cold water bathing relieves the immediate misery, and ultimately brings a feeling of lazy contentment as the cold drops of water beat up sluggish circulation and cool the surface heat.

Hot-plus-cold stimulation, accompanied by plenty of scrubbing, is even better for tired feet.

Sit on the edge of your bathtub and soak both feet for several minutes in quite hot water, to which you have added some bath salts, epsom salts, or even water softener.

When toes flush with redness, lift them out of the heat and hold them under a stream of cold water until they are thoroughly sprayed from ankle to tips.

Now plunge both feet back in the hot tub, then rinse with cold again, repeating the dipping several times.

The rush of circulation which this creates rests and refreshes the muscles.

Freedom from the restraint of shoes and stockings also does the feet a world of good. Combined with the salt water treatment—and sea-salt is available to anyone who can visit a beach—it's a fine tonic for the toes. Strong salt solution in a foot-bath is the alternative.

Are you interested in some more ideas? Well then, there is always foot massage.

Use powder, or lotion, or a bit of cream if you have it handy; start and finish at the toe-line, and with both hands massage over the instep, under the soles, sliding up to the ankle in a one-way curve, and return to the toes for the next start.

Long, smoothing strokes come first, then make a quick shift to press-and-release action round feet and ankles, ending with a spiral twist towards the knee.

If your feet tend to grow moist in humid weather, or even if it is not one of their quirks, it pays to dabble them with talcum powder drawing on your fragile stockings. And sprinkle a dusting of foot powder inside the shoes to maintain "slip" instead of sticky friction between hose and leather.

One part of boracic powder to two parts each of zinc oxide and french chalk mixed into an efficient foot preparation.

Shoes, of course, must be thoroughly aired between wearings, particularly in hot weather.

If you've a tendency to tender feet, buy some surgical or methylated spirit and rub your feet over with it every night and before doing any real walking. The spirit toughens up the top skin and removes half the trouble and most of the soreness.

Never go hiking without stockings, socks, or sockettes between the sole and the shoe. Leather alone does not absorb perspiration, and perspiration causes tenderness.

All this should help you to walk as lightly as a cat, provided shoes do not pinch, press, or bind, and that you are not tottering along on too-high heels that build up bumps and angry red spots.

By the way, have you heard that small bumps and calluses are often discouraged by the softening effect of ordinary cuticle remover, used often and generously?



FOR FIGURE AND FEET. Stand as shown, back to a wall, feet parallel. Stretch up on toes as far as possible, then slowly bend at the knees, pulling in the end of the spine, and pushing the waistline back as close to the wall as you can. Repeat several times from first upright position.

It's a trick that really does work well if you soak the feet in warm, soapy water, then wet a little pad of cottonwool in the cuticle liquid and fix it to stay on the hardened surface.

After several minutes of soaking, bathe the spot again in the soapy water, and rub firmly with a towel to remove horny skin layers. Repeat every few days.

Naturally, if the bump is caused by ill-fitting shoes, horny skin will form as long as irritation remains.

If you stand a great deal at your work it's a relief to take the weight off the feet at the end of the day by resting with feet higher than your head. Follow this with one of the foot baths that

finish off with a cold splash, dry carefully, rub briskly with eau-de-cologne, and you won't know your own feet.

To finish this talk on extremities, here are the details of a double-duty treatment which benefits your face because it rehabilitates your feet.

Fold a small towel lengthwise, holding an end in each hand.

Lower the middle section into a basin of boiling water, and after pressing out the excess water quickly wrap the towel, as hot as you can bear it, around the foot, without hurting the flesh.

Allow the steam to do its work for about a minute, remove the towel, and repeat on the other foot.

Now carry out the same steps with cold water, or, better still, ice water, finish off with some cologne, and you will be amazed at the new feeling of freshness and vitality.

Pick out the ideas that appeal to you, and do your best to manage a few minutes a day to keep you on your toes.



Stay Flower Fresh all Day!

SOLYPTOL Soap is mildly antiseptic to keep

your skin free from blemishes. The foundation

of complexion beauty is complete skin health,

and fragrant SOLYPTOL Soap KEEPS

the skin healthy!



Solyptol
REGD. TRADE MARK
Soap

"IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE"

**Try this safe
effective deodorant**



Millions of women prefer ODO-RO-NO cream because . . . ODO-RO-NO gives complete protection from underarm perspiration and odour for as long as 1 to 3 days . . .

ODO-RO-NO does not irritate the skin . . .

ODO-RO-NO does not stain clothes . . .

ODO-RO-NO always stays creamy in the jar.



PROTECT YOUR
DAINTINESS WITH

ODO-RO-NO

THE PERFECT CREAM DEODORANT

A.O. 6-12

FEELING FAGGED?
NO ENERGY?



MAN, YOU NEED
BRISK LIPTON TEA!



says "Cuppa" Brisk
"YOU'LL NOTICE
THE DIFFERENCE WHEN
YOU TASTE



Brisk LIPTON'S!

Brisk is the tea-taster's own word to describe the fresh, lively, full-bodied flavour of Lipton Tea—a flavour that is the direct result of Lipton's 70 years experience of growing and blending fine teas. Next time you buy tea, buy Lipton. Taste it yourself and you'll echo: "Brisk Lipton tea! Aaah! That's for me!"



Look for this grand old man on the packet. The name of Sir Thomas Lipton means more to tea-lovers than any other name in the world.

BRISK FLAVOUR — NEVER FLAT

Prawns!



- Prawns cooked and served in any form are popular, although the general run of men prefer them fresh from the shell.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

TO cook prawns, cover with salted water and boil for 15 minutes or until shells turn a delicate coral pink. Allow to cool in the water they were boiled in.

When cold, remove head, shell, and dark colored intestine from each.

Leave prawns whole or chop as required.

When purchasing cooked prawns observe the hardness of the shell. Fresh prawns have a shell that crackles to touch and meat inside is firm and white.

Do not purchase limp, soft prawns.

Keep prawns as cold as possible to preserve freshness.

Here are some interesting ways of serving this delicious sea-food.

(Please note that all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.)

PRAWNS IN TOMATO GLAZE

One cup sliced onions, 3 tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 cups skinned chopped tomatoes, 2 cups cooked, peeled prawns, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled green pepper, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, toast triangles, parsley sprigs to garnish.

Saute onions in melted margarine or butter until golden brown. Add tomatoes and green pepper, simmer until tomatoes are tender (5 to 7 minutes). Blend cornflour with water, stir into tomato mixture. Stir while mixture boils and thickens, simmer 3 to 4 minutes. Add prawns, season to taste with salt and pepper.

Serve piping hot with toast triangles. Garnish with parsley.

TOMATO AND PRAWN LAYER SALAD

One cup peeled prawns, 1 cup clear, well-flavored meat or fish stock, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, yellow coloring if desired, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon finely chopped shallot or onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper and salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup parboiled celery, 1 large grapefruit, extra whole prawns (unshelled) for garnishing, lettuce leaves, radish roses, shallots, parsley sprigs.

Add lemon juice to stock, bring to boiling point, add 1 dessertspoon of the gelatine, stir until dissolved, color yellow if desired. Arrange

prawns in individual wetted moulds, pour on enough jellied stock to hold prawns in position and barely cover. When set, add a layer $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep of mayonnaise to which has been added the celery and 1 dessertspoon of the gelatine dissolved in the boiling water. Chill until set. Heat tomato puree, add shallot or onion, Worcestershire sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Add balance of gelatine to this mixture, stir until dissolved. Fill moulds, chill until set. Unmould on to serving platter, place grapefruit stock with extra prawns on cocktail sticks in centre, garnish with radish roses, shallots, and parsley sprigs.

PRAWN CREAM SOUP

One pint smooth, thick white sauce, 1 pint fish stock (or oyster

liquor with extra water or milk), 2 tablespoons finely grated tasty cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cooked peeled prawns, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pepper and salt to taste, chopped parsley to garnish.

Combine the sauce and fish stock. Add cheese, heat until cheese melts. Fold in lemon juice, prawns, and lemon rind, season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover and chill. Serve topped with chopped parsley and accompanied with melba toast or croutons.

CELERY PRAWN SALAD

Two cups peeled, cooked prawns, 1 cup diced parboiled celery, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 3 tablespoons salad oil, 1 finely chopped medium-sized onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, small pinch cayenne pepper, lettuce cups, tomato slices, and cucumber slices.

Cut prawns into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pieces. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, chop whites finely. Combine prawns, egg-whites, and celery, chill. Mix together lemon juice, vinegar, mustard, salad oil, onion, salt, and pepper. Place in jar with screw-top lid and shake well to combine ingredients. Pour this dressing over prawn mixture, allow to stand (covered) in refrigerator or ice-chest 2 hours. Mix well, serve in lettuce cups with tomato and cucumber slices. Top tomato slices with grated yolks of hard-boiled eggs.



SERVE THIS tempting, wholesome dish of prawns in tomato glaze for luncheon, or as a dinner entree. See recipe on this page.



CRISP, COOL, and appetizing is this unusual prawn and tomato layer salad. Serve very cold. See recipe.





Here's **ONE**
sandwich spread
children simply
can't resist!

Sanitarium PEANUT BUTTER

—milled FRESH, while the peanuts
are still hot from the ovens!

There are never any left-overs when you make cut-lunches with tasty, appetizing **SANITARIUM Peanut Butter**. Milled FRESH while the peanuts are hot from the ovens—before any of their delicious goodness can be lost—it has the kind of flavour that 'young' appetites can't resist... that grown-ups enjoy, too! Include **Sanitarium Peanut Butter** in your next grocery order!

*Known as Peanut Paste in some States.



One of the Natural Foods!

PG-2140

A Famous Brand Erin Art

A PIONEER PRODUCT

Your safeguard when buying
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Made from finest quality, linen-finished sheetings, Erin Art sheets are available in all sizes either plain or hemstitched and scalloped; Erin Art pillow cases are in housewife style, hemstitched, embroidered or plain.



NL-10

Life's Greatest Gift . . .

Good Health is undoubtedly life's
Greatest Gift . . . a gift to be treasured,
for, once lost, 'tis almost priceless.

Since the turn of the century tens of thousands of men and women in Great Britain and the Continent have recovered Good Health through 'Sanatogen.' Letters from over 35,000 Doctors have been received endorsing 'Sanatogen' as an effective Tonic Food in conditions of ill-health and general lassitude. 'Sanatogen' is manufactured in England to a formula known and approved by the medical profession who have subjected 'Sanatogen' to every kind of test, analysis and experiment. In every case the result served to reaffirm the value of 'Sanatogen.' Since a very high standard of scientific control is exercised during every stage of the preparation of 'Sanatogen,' it is inevitable that manufacturing costs are high. This fact, added to increased importing charges, accounts for the high price of 'Sanatogen' in Australia. Yet it is equally true that the 'best is always the cheapest,' particularly so in reference to 'Sanatogen.' An eight weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' will have you feeling better than you can ever remember . . . full of energy and vitality . . . really enjoying life. You'll always look upon your investment in 'Sanatogen' as money 'well spent.'

'SANATOGEN'

REG. TRADE MARK

COMPLETE TONIC FOOD

At all chemists, 4/9, 8/1, 15/3, 25/2.

BERKELEY SANATOGEN PTY. LTD., 78 RESERVOIR ST., SYDNEY.



PINEAPPLE SPONGE DESSERT is simple to make, and tastes just as good as it looks! Recipe wins consolation prize this week.

For special occasions

THIS week's first prize of £5 is awarded to a delicious dinner dish of savory tongue served with a piquant almond sauce.

Add a touch of the unusual to that "special occasion" dinner by serving this appetising dish for the main meat course. Complete the dish with minted baby carrots, sauteed peas, and creamed potatoes.

Recipes for a delicious pineapple-flavored summer dessert, a piquant savory spread and wholesome nut and date loaf win consolation prizes of £1 each.

SAVORY TONGUE DISH

Four to six cooked sheep's tongues or 1 cooked ox tongue, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 medium onion, 3 medium tomatoes (skinned if desired), 2 tablespoons chopped olives, 12 blanched almonds, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1/2 cup tongue stock, 4 or 5 tablespoons fine white bread-crumbs, capers to taste.

Peel and slice tongues while still hot. Keep hot while preparing sauce. Peel onion, chop finely, brown lightly in melted margarine or butter. Add chopped tomatoes, olives, almonds (put through mincer), mustard, tongue stock. Simmer 10 minutes. Add crumbs, parsley, and capers to taste. Pour over sliced tongue, serve piping hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Douglas, Louis St., Annerley, Qld.

PINEAPPLE SPONGE DESSERT

One small pineapple, 1/2 pint custard, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup sponge cake crumbs, glace cherries.

Cut pineapple into rings, removing skin. Cook in small amount of boiling water, adding a little sugar to taste, for 15 minutes. Allow to cool. Soak gelatine in 1/2 pint pineapple syrup and stir over boiling water till dissolved. Add to custard. Place 6 slices of pineapple around edge of dish, and cut remainder into dice. Add gelatine and diced pineapple to custard, lastly fold in cake crumbs. When mixture is just be-

ginning to set, beat till light and fluffy and fill into centre of dish. Decorate with glace cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Bignell, 10 Wright St., Perth.

NUT AND DATE LOAF

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2oz. margarine or butter, 2oz. chopped nuts (walnuts or almonds or mixture of both), 2oz. sugar, 2-3rds cup milk, 1 egg, 2oz. stoned chopped dates.

Sift white flour and salt, add wholemeal flour and sugar. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients, add egg and milk beaten together. Mix well, fold in melted margarine or butter, dates, and nuts. Fill into two small greased nut roll tins, or one loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Serve with or without butter or cream cheese.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. H. Summer, 60 Mundy St., South Geelong, Vic.

AVOCADO SAVORY SPREAD

Three ripe avocados, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcester'shire sauce, 1 teaspoon curry powder, pinch pepper, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1/2 cup blanched almonds, 5 or 6 thin rashers of bacon.

Cut avocados in half and scrape out fruit from shells. Pour lemon juice over pulp to prevent discoloration. Sieve fruit and add Worcester'shire sauce, curry powder, pepper, salt, sugar, and onion juice, blending thoroughly. Cut almonds into thin strips and fry in small quantity of hot fat or olive oil until golden brown. Fry slices of bacon until crisp. Drain almonds and bacon. Chop bacon and just before serving add to relish with almonds. Serve on triangles of toast or Melba toast. Tasty as hors d'oeuvres.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Hennessy, 61 Mimosa St., Bexley, N.S.W.



THIS WHOLESOME nut and date loaf will make a welcome addition to the afternoon tea-table and the lunch and picnic baskets. Serve with butter or cream cheese. See recipe on this page.

Special Offer!

**KRAFT
FISH PASTES**



Now 3 for 1/1
or 4½d. per 1 oz. tin

Six Savoury Varieties

HERRING and TOMATO

LOBSTER

SALMON and SHRIMP

ANCHOVY & TOMATO

LOBSTER and TOMATO

ANCHOVY

3 TINS FOR 1/1
SUGGESTED BY THE COUNTRY BUTCHER



At All Good Stores

FF91

Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

Millinery

"Modern Millinery Made Easy." An encyclopedia of all millinery. Over 1000 subjects, adults', children's Millinery. Bridal wear, Day, Cocktail Hats, Grosgrain Hats, etc. Beautifully illustrated. Order your copy now, 21/-, from "Modern Designers", 77 Queen Street, Brisbane, Queensland.

**fortuna
cloth**

NOW 5 favourite KRAFT FOODS in these *"Swanky-Swig"* RE-USABLE GLASSES

New designs! New colors! New foods, too! Now you can collect a full set of Swanky-Swig glasses quickly, because five delicious Kraft foods are now selling in these smart Swanky-Swig glasses.



KRAFT CHEESE SPREAD

Australia's biggest-selling cheese spread. Smooth, matured cheddar that spreads. Rich in the vitamins, minerals and proteins that made Kraft Cheese famous. Look for Kraft Cheese Spread in the 'Swanky-Swig' glass at your grocer or delicatessen.



KRAFT MAYONNAISE

The soul of a good salad. Kraft Mayonnaise has the piquant flavour and creamy smoothness that comes from an exclusive recipe - Kraft's own blend of costly, high grade ingredients. Available in new 'star' design Swanky-Swigs now - and 12 oz. family-size screw top jars.

Look!

A set of smart 'Swanky-Swig' glasses - as many as you like. Buy your favourite Kraft Spreads in the new 'Swanky-Swigs' and use the glasses again and again.

Colours!

Swanky-Swig glasses come in five gay colors - red, green, blue, yellow and white.

New Designs!

Look for the new design Swanky-Swig with the gay 'star' pattern as well as the famous 'Australian Wildflower' series. Start building your set of 'Swanky-Swigs' today - it's easy now there are five favourite Kraft foods in these smart re-usable packs.



KRAFT SANDWICH RELISH

'Relish' is right! This all-time favourite satisfies your taste for something different in sandwiches. Spread it on biscuits and pastries too. Better get two of the new Swanky-Swigs of Sandwich Relish - it won't stay long on any pantry shelf.



CREAM CHEESE SPREAD

Saves butter! A new food from Australia's biggest cheesemakers. Real Cream Cheese with the savoury flavour that wins applause from every palate. Try spreading Kraft Cream Cheese on thin ham. Roll up and serve at supper time - see how they go for it.



KRAFT SMOKAY CHEESE SPREAD

Another spanking new one which saves butter. Americans have raved about Smokay for years. Now you too can enjoy the unique flavour of this fine spreadable cheddar with the delicate 'smoked' flavour. On your grocer's shelves now in Swanky-Swig glasses.



Rosella
for **YOUR**
table!

A quick easy meal.
Rosella Spaghetti
with tasty Cheese,
cooked to perfec-
tion, and ready to
serve for Breakfast,
Lunch or Dinner.

Where the **BEST** is preferred

**STRIDE THROUGH
SUMMER'S
HEAT...**



**TAKE
ENERGISING
Clements
TONIC**




Modern lines...

TWO modernly styled homes are shown on these pages.

"Sunways," the attractive, flat-roof home of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Loveridge, Berwick, Victoria, was designed by a Melbourne architect.

In a lovely setting of young trees, shrubs, and flowers, this white, winged house with its wide eaves and massive areas of glass attracts every passer-by.

The newly built home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bowyer, Caranga Crescent, Killara, N.S.W., glimpses of which are given on the opposite page, incorporates many new and unusual features—the work of a young Sydney architect, Donald MacLurcan, of Fowell, Mansfield, and MacLurcan.

A highlight is the scored-brick fireplace wall in lounge, which also forms one wall of the entrance hall.

Other features include built-in furniture units, service cupboards, and a well-designed kitchen; also the picturesque wall and tall decorative fence which screen drying area, small son's play area, and sun court from street.—Eve Gye.

FRONT VIEW of the modern home, built by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Loveridge at Berwick, Victoria. Wing showing at left houses the bedrooms, with doors from long hallway leading off to rear garden. Lounge and utilities are housed in the right wing.



CLOSE-UP of entrance and sun-deck, showing the wide, protective eaves at the Loveridge home. With its gaily canopied and painted furniture, the sun-deck is a pleasant spot in which to relax.

Oddments form unusual decorations

DON'T be afraid to bring oddments such as stones, fruit, grasses, and driftwood into the house—incorporated with flowers they can add charm to your decorative scheme. Mrs. A. M. Davis, of Cammeray, N.S.W., was the author of these charming arrangements.

Flanked by two white china dogs, the arrangement at left looks delightful in a hallway. A lei of white gardenias is twisted about a tree root, unearthed from the garden. Pine-cones and gardenias are piled round the base, and a few gardenias tied on the ends for fun.

Flowers and greenery twined round a piece of driftwood form the quaint arrangement shown below. The two teal-colored bears match the flat dish and grasp cherry candles.





THIS SECTION of Mr. and Mrs. Bowyer's Killara home overlooks a bird sanctuary and reserve. Architecturally speaking, this is the front of the house, although main entrance door faces street.



ALL THE FURNITURE in this, the main bedroom, has been built in. Walls and furniture are painted a lovely shade of orchid-pink. Floor is carpeted in fuchsia, green, and pink. Right: Yellow iron grille at entrance door.



MODERN LOUNGE in Mr. and Mrs. Bowyer's home features a scored-brick wall with small fireplace and book recess. Miniature shelf holds attractive plate. Other walls are chalk-white. Floor is carpeted in fuchsia, green, and pink. Glass and china recess has deep fuchsia-toned shelves. Massive grand piano occupies one corner of room, spacious windows of which overlook front garden and bird sanctuary.

Now modern walls
in just one day —
So easy and lasting
the **"MURAL-TONE"**
way



No wonder "TONY MURAL-TONE" is happy in his work! So will you and all home decorators be with "MURAL-TONE" — Here's wall modernizing simplified! You can have the loveliest, smartest pastel finish effects in clear, true tints that never fade, yellow, or darken. And so quickly! Dries in 40 MINUTES, so ONE day will see your furniture back in place! "MURAL-TONE" flows on so smoothly — leaves no brush marks, no streaks. WASHES LIKE NEW with plain soap and water! Usually no undercoat needed! Use on painted or unpainted surfaces. Apply direct to wall paper. Glue-bound finishes should be completely removed first. Enquire at your paint store for colour cards.

Also, for advice on costs of using "MURAL-TONE" for your rooms, write to "TONY MURAL-TONE," Box 21, P.O., Concord, N.S.W. (Give measurements and present finish.)

MURAL-TONE

THE WASHABLE WALL PAINT THAT'S DIFFERENT!

* Outside, on asbestos cement sheeting, concrete and bricks, use —

"EXTERIOR MURAL-TONE"

Equally successful for EXTERIORS as "Mural-Tone" for interiors!

* Before painting use

"SPACKLE"

for filling cracks and holes.

MURALO Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Port Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney.



Friday night
is **AMAMI**
night

— the night for your regular Amami shampoo. Your hair will then be radiant with the lovely qualities of youth — without the tiniest suspicion of the hard brittle sheen which comes of using the wrong shampoo. For 26 years — think of it, nearly 1,400 Amami Nights! — beautiful women all over the world have been regularly using Amami Shampoos. Here is proof that Amami does not rob the scalp of its precious natural hair foods but keeps it clean and healthy . . . the hair softly shining, perfectly behaved.

Amami No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 5 for Blondes.

After your shampoo
AMAMI WAVE SET
for Waves and Curls

AMAMI

Shampoos

For fine Quality
that lasts — buy...

Hercules
SHEETS

Product of **Joshua Hoyle**
ENGLAND

Over a Century's experience
behind them.



Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 221 Flinders La., Melb.
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 63 York St., Sydney

Mrs. BOB DYER

Wife of famous Radio Star

says:

*"I've found a new taste
thrill in **KELLOGG'S
BRAN FLAKES!**"*



You get that new, exciting flavour in a flash. Like Mrs. Bob Dyer — you never knew that wheat could taste as wonderful as this! Suddenly you realise that the added bran makes as much difference to wheat as *butter makes to dry bread!* Here's a completely NEW taste thrill . . . a new kind of flavour!

And now for the first time you are getting the full value of nourishing, sun-ripened wheat, plus the gentle laxative properties of bran. Ask for Kellogg's Bran Flakes. Serve them to all your family.



The **BEST** part
of **WHEAT** with
BRAN added

Kellogg's

BRAN FLAKES

—specially good for children.



What do you see

when you open the packet? You see crisp, firm, honey-brown flakes.



What happens

when you add milk? Each flake stays crisp and firm. They don't lie down, never go limp and soggy.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 255.—SLIP AND SCANTIES

This pretty lace-trimmed set, cut out ready to make, is in pastel pink, blue, and white rayon satin. Lace is supplied.
 Sizes: 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Slip, 19/3. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra. Scanties, 9/3. Regd. postage, 10½d. extra.

No. 256.—HOUSE-GOWN

Large scalloped collar and pockets are features of this house-gown. It is cut out ready to make in a printed, British cotton, with a large, white, floral design on navy, green, sage-blue, and burgundy grounds.
 Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 39/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 40/6. Regd. postage, 2/3 extra.

No. 257.—SMOCK-SUIT

Cut out ready to sew in white, pastel-pink, and blue rayon crepe-de-chine, also sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green.
 Sizes—Rayon crepe-de-chine: Length 16in., 6 months, 17/3. Regd. postage, 10½d. extra. Length 17in., 1 yr., 17/11. Regd. postage, 10½d. extra. Length 18in., 2 yrs., 18/6. Regd. postage, 1/ extra. Sheer linen: Length 16in., 6 months, 23/6. Regd. postage, 1/ extra. Length 17in., 1 yr., 24/9. Regd. postage, 1/1 extra. Length 18in., 2 yrs., 27/3. Regd. postage, 1/2 extra.

No. 258.—LITTLE GIRL'S SUN-SUIT

Cut out and ready to sew, this sun-suit has rounded bodice-front and bloomer pants. The material is a summer breeze with a dainty nursery design on blue, lemon, green, and pink grounds.
 Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., 4/11. Postage, 6½d. extra. Length 19in., 3yrs., 5/3. Postage, 6½d. extra. Length 20in., 4 yrs., 5/9. Postage, 7½d. extra. Length 23in., 5-6yrs., 6/3. Postage, 7½d. extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 255, 256, 257, and 258, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.



SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Patterns Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 4089P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
 Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 186C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
 Tasmania: Box 186C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
 (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Fashion PATTERNS

F5838.—Year-round design for a smartly styled maternity coat.
 Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 54in. material.
 Price, 2/4.

F5839.—Pretty party dress for the 4 to 8 years age span.
 Sizes: 20, 23, and 27in. lengths, for 4, 6, and 8 years.
 Requires 1½yds., 36in. material, and ¾yd., 36in., lace trim.
 Price, 1/8.

F5840.—Attractive teenage dress has white contrast for collar and cuffs.
 Sizes: 34, 36, and 39in. lengths, for 12, 14, and 16 years.
 Requires 3yds., 36in. material, and ¾yd. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5841.—Smart, three-piece ensemble, includes slacks, jerkin, and blouse.
 Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. material for slacks and jerkin, and 2½yds., 36in. material for blouse.
 Price, 2/8.

F5842.—Practical, day-time dress has winged collar, smooth shoulders, and modified skirt fullness.
 Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds., 36in. material.
 Price, 1/11.



We keep
 clothes
 colourful
 Dolly Dye & I!

So can you - team up with
 Dolly Dye . . . it imparts
 bright, vivacious colour to
 dowdy clothes.

Economise with
DOLLY DYES
 25 Fast
 & Lasting
 Shades
 9d.
 BOOKLET ON HOME DYEING
 FREE - SEND TO BOX 18412, C.P.A. MELB.

How to get a LIFT in LIFE

When you feel low in spirit, weary, depressed, nature is warning you that you're run-down. Then is the time to start taking WINCARNIS, the tonic with the marvellous reputation for restoring natural buoyant health and vigour to people who are run-down through worry and overwork.
 WINCARNIS is prepared from choice selected wines blended with special fortifying elements to feed the brain and nerves. Thousands of recommendations have come from the medical profession praising WINCARNIS for its high recuperative powers. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for a bottle of WINCARNIS and give yourself a lift. WINCARNIS . . . the Wine of Life.

MELTONIAN
 CREAM
 for all polished leather.



Meltonian keeps everyday shoes as smart as it keeps your very special shoes. Use it always—it's economical and it gives an extra, immaculate gloss.

"DUMPTY" JARS AND "HANDITUBES" IN ALL WANTED SHOPS—EVERYWHERE

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!
 Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit and establish your natural powers of regularity. 82% of the cases tested did it. So can you.
 Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.
 Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.
 Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

Successful Parties

"Cookery for Parties," published by "The Australian Women's Weekly," shows you how—Party Plans, Menus, Programmes, Decorations—in full detail. At all Newsagents and Bookstalls. 2/-.



Pictured here are just a few of the dependable NYAL medicines that you know so well. Like the remainder of the series, each of those illustrated is manufactured by the most modern methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists. Shown here are Nyal Antacid Powder (2/6), Nyal Milk of Magnesia (1/9, 2/9), Nyal Fruit Laxative (1/9), Nyal Creophos (2/9, 5/-, 6/9), Nyal Baby Cough Syrup (1/6, 2/6), and Nyal Figsen (1/6).

Manufactured in the same laboratories and with the same exacting care as are the well-known Nyal medicines, these equally dependable NYAL Toilet Products provide you with a series of high-grade everyday products for your personal use. Kwik Tan Sun Oil (2/3), Kwik Tan Cream (1/9), Nyal Baby Powder (1/7, 3/3), Nyal Baby Oil (2/-), Nyal Baby Soap (1/-), and Nyal Camphor Ice (1/-).



What every Mother should know about buying Medicines



More and more mothers are coming to realise that, in buying medicines, the name "NYAL" is their best guarantee of dependability. Why? Because, first of all, only the best drugs obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL medicines. They are compounded by the most modern methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists, and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. For your protection, the formula of every NYAL medicine is plainly printed on the package. That's why you should make the name "NYAL" your guide whenever buying a medicine.

Sold only by Chemists

NYAL
FAMILY MEDICINES